URBAN WAR

EVOLVE OR DIE

■ Viridian Shocktrooper

■ Viridian Special Forces

LIFE & DEATH ON THE CITY PLANET OF ISKANDRIA

BATTLES WITH MINIATURES

ONE
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URBAN WAR

Welcome to the second issue of Urban War. This issue sees the introduction of new troop types along with articles on how to build your forces and a couple of scenarios.

We are still on the lookout for contributions to the magazine, whether they are scenarios, force lists or modelling and painting articles. Please write to the address on the back of this magazine or e-mail us at submissions@urbanmammoth.com for more details.

By taking onboard contributions and input from players we hope to get you involved in the development process of this game world and help evolve it along the lines you would like to see. Don't forget we have a specific forum for Urban War where you can ask questions directly to the development team. There you will find resources such as FAQ's and errata. Also there are regular updates to our Urban War Galleries where you can see new artwork and painted miniatures. There you can sign up to our newsletter so that you don't miss out on any updates in the future.

Lookout for the next issue since I have a sneaking suspicion we might here some rumblings from the Koralon Reef World that surrounds the city of Iskandria…humans beware!

Happy gaming!
John

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& Sven Wichert.
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Colonial Marine

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Colonial Marine

13101
Colonial Marine

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Colonial Marine Sergeant

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Viridian Special Forces

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Viridian Special Forces Sergeant

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Secutors

13201
Secutors

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Veteran Myrmillo

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Androsynths

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Viridian Snipers

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Androsynths with Grape Guns

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Triad Retainers with Naginata

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Triad Retainers with Naginata

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Platform Builder (small set)

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Hexagon Builder (large set)

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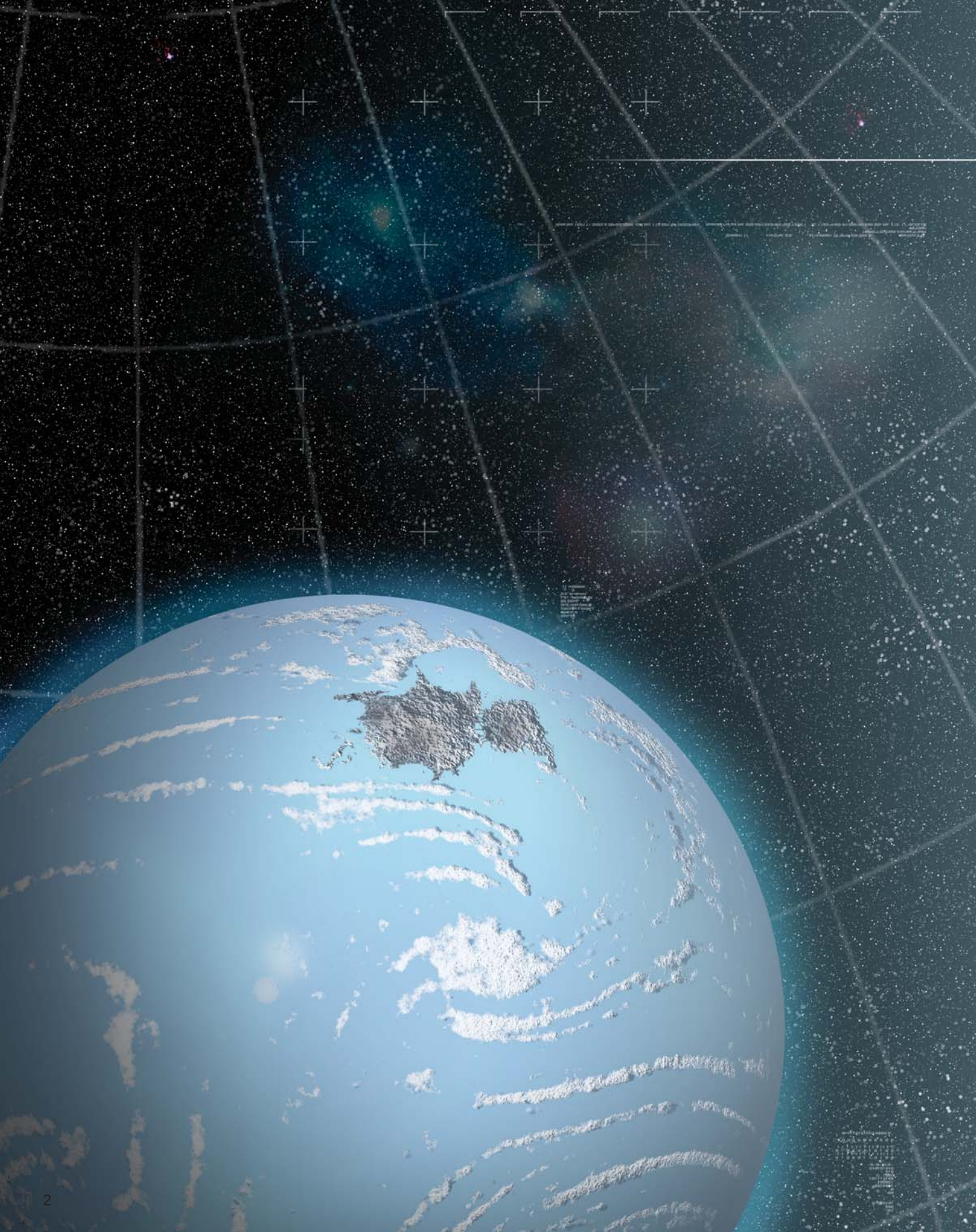
Hexagon Builder (small set)



THE ARKADIAN BINARY SYSTEM

I call it Helios for, when seen with the right kind of eyes, as I see it, it greatly outshines Arkadia; more brilliant by far is its potential, rather than warm but a single living world Helios warms the heart of the New Man: its promise is the universe and a fresh start for humanity.

--Iskander, Reflections (HoloRec MCCLXXVIII bio, case b12)

At first glance little about the Arkadian Binary System seems worthy of note, a small mainline star and its even smaller dwarf partner attended by but two planetary bodies, only one of which is of any value; though perhaps in an age of galactic empires it is all too easy to forget the miracle that is a life-sustaining world. Kyklops is such a world, but it is small and almost entirely covered by ocean, unremarkable. The reason for the system's importance, the reason little Kyklops has become a Gateworld of enormous worth to the empires of man, lies with the White Dwarf star Helios, Arkadia's fellow traveller in the black vastness of space.

Helios is an ancient star; it predates the formation of the Arkadian System by perhaps ten billion years. Scientists can only speculate as to its origins, most think it was formed early in the galaxy's history within the galactic core, a few going so far as to point to the diffuse gas cloud of the Croiter Nebula as the distant site of Helios' collapse. Regardless of its history Helios arrived in the Arkadian System in its present form, as a weakly radiating White Dwarf, and set up a tandem orbit with Arkadia a little over four billion years ago. Helios is super-dense and generates almost no flux compared with most collapsed dwarf stars, a perfect anchor point for grav-shunting and it is this, coupled with the spatial geography and low radiant count of the surrounding sector, that makes Arkadia a key galactic system.

The Great Tyrant

For my answer tell them this: the Viridians I scattered at Eight Fleets, let them seek their reply amongst those broken hulks a-drift around Karnus IV; Ironglass I chastised on Pommigral and Onu-Yesh, if any of those rabble survived let the Senate inquire of them as to the disposition of Great Iskander; for the Syntha I offer only the contempt of the New Man for their crudities, let them rather ask of history why it has forgotten them in some future age than ask me for peace in this one, and for the sham of VASA I present myself, first New Man, a pillar of undiluted strength against their clouded misrule, as answer to their query: ask nothing of me for I do not ask, I take, I do not negotiate, I conquer, I am the polestar, the lighted dark, time's agent. You cannot ask peace of the god of war, nor submission of one greater than yourselves.

--Iskander, in response to a Tripartite treaty initiative (HoloRec MMMCMXCIV dip, case k1)

Iskander's brief but glorious career blazes comet-like across the chronicles of galactic history, a volatile and anomalous punctuation of the steady march of human progress. Much has been said of the Great Conqueror's life, his rise from obscurity as a militia captain in the internecine struggles on his native Mandigant, his usurpation of the private

security firm of Silvershield Inc. and eventual takeover of the Viridian combine of Gropotkyn-Ssung, his rise to high office on Karnus II and the resultant decade of frenzied conquest that saw his ambition writ on a galactic scale. His final years preceding his eventual assassination are his darkest chapter, when the 'Universal Ruler' grew increasingly mad and erratic, bringing suffering to those who previously recognized in him their saviour.

It was Karnisian free merchants that 'discovered' the nearby Arkadian System a scant three years prior to Iskander's audacious coup. The peculiar properties of Helios made 'cold-shunting' into the system extremely difficult so, for close to a century, no one had been able to penetrate Arkadian space. Once breeched the magnitude of the Helios grav-well became apparent, and Iskander was quick to exploit the new star system to the fullest once he assumed his dictatorship. The placid, blue-green world of Kyklos was declared his new capitol, and a massive settlement and construction program begun, funnelling resources from surrounding systems for years, right up until the death of the tyrant himself.

It is somewhat ironic that Iskander spent so little time in his new capitol, soon to be a sprawling urban centre with a population in excess of two billion, for his energy and ambition took him to many fronts to fight many wars. But Kyklops nevertheless accrued the benefits of the conquerors favour, and the massive public works programs that resulted in the administrative centre of the Acropolis of or the enormous sub-ether aerial of the Phaeros were just a few of the examples of the tyrant's largesse. Capitol of thirty-three systems, Kyklops grew enormously wealthy, and the unique properties of the Helios gravwell combined with the lasting improvements and settlement of the world ensured that Kyklops, and the city named for its founder, remained a crucial hub in man's galactic empire.

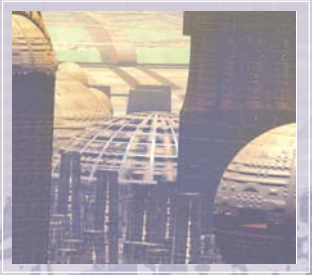
Iskander can never be forgotten; the mysteries and romance surrounding his life ensure his immortality. Rumours abound that some of his secrets may lie undiscovered, that deep in the archives of his great Academy lie the plans for a super weapon of his design, or the techniques, whether genetic or psychological, for the forging of his New Man are sealed in a vault deep beneath the city streets of Iskandria, or perhaps the tyrant carried his secrets to the grave, and locked somewhere in his Mausoleum can be found the power to rule worlds as he once did. Such success as his will always excite the imagination of rulers, and enflame the greed of the empires of mankind.

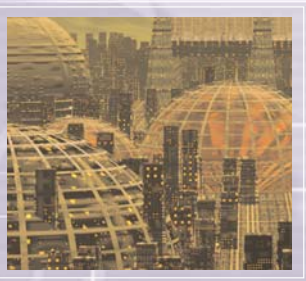
Iskandria

Set in a gem of azure two islands, one land, and on it a city, fed by the sea but nourished by the void: a city on the crossroads of infinity, the capitol of mankind, my gift to the ages, the centre, Iskandria.

--Iskander, Reflections (HoloRec DCCCIX bio, case a)

Iskandria is the eye of the Cyclops; Kyklops, so called because of its appearance from space, its double-island continent a dark pupil in an orb of pale blue. The Iskandrian Islands, Major and Minor, together span one thousand klicks, and are nearly half as wide, and this entire land surface is a city, or many cities grown into one, the megapolis Iskandria. One could wander their entire lives in such a vast urban conglomeration without stepping off the hard shell of plastment, and meet fellow natives possessing habits and speech as strange as that of men from other worlds. The inhabitants of Iskandria differ widely from





one another, from the wealthy in their luxurious gated compounds and private parks, to the street snipes that roam the abandoned sectors in vicious packs, to the communities uprooted and settled from other planets that occupy entire sub-cities of their own.

Since the collapse of Iskander's empire Kyklops has been the jointly held property of the Great Powers. By Tripartite decree no large standing armies may be stationed here, each partition held only with a minimum force. This centuries old division into sectors has created dramatic demarcations in the city of Iskandria; to the north the clean solar cities of the Viridian sector seem to have been lifted straight from the homeworld, to the west VASA has created an enormous port and excise zone alongside a high-technology manufacturing centre, south and the eerie termite cities of the Syntha march seaward in cool, precise ranks, while to the east the smog-shrouded tumble of leaning shanties and churning stacks can only be the domain of Junkers. Between these poles the Iskandrians live as they always have, proud of their past, energetic and industrious. They would be the first to suffer the machinations of Tripartite politics, and their 'free city' is now, in the wake of the Syntha assault, a neutral zone between hostile factions, a mostly abandoned battleground of skyscrapers and superhighways, manufacturing plants and commercial storefronts, habitation units and public buildings: an urban war zone.

The Coming of the Koralon

Such is my strength that from beyond the grave will I strike at my foes, should any seek to supplant me or my heirs in some future age know that my malice and my will is bent on their destruction.

--Iskander, Reflections (HoloRec MMMMDLVIII bio, case r5)

Five key worlds in five key systems, the Koralon Incursion plucked from the heart of human space planets of critical strategic importance in systems with powerful gravwells, the crossroads of man's galactic empire. Those worlds lie ruined now, cruelly treated by their alien overlords and partially assimilated by the mutanagenic coraline, all save Kyklops. On Kyklops events unfolded differently, though its defences were smashed the world's eminent suitability for Koralon habitation, its warm and nutrient rich seas, saved it. For the Koralon had no need to pulverise the land in order to subdue it, instead they moved directly into the world-ocean, ignoring Iskandria and trusting to eventual coraline assimilation to wipe the human blemish from a nearly perfect world.

Mankind struck back, in other systems massive Tripartite fleets engaged the Koralon and claimed victory for humanity, liberating the shattered Gateworlds one by one. But the Arkadian System is still menaced by a massive Koralon force, newly augmented by the defeated remnants of the other Incursion fleets; all converging on this one system. The panhumanic fleet sent to relieve Kyklops fights a running battle with the vastly superior Koralon forces, and no aid has yet reached the beleaguered inhabitants of Iskandria. Meanwhile the Koralon entrench themselves, building reef cities in the shallow waters of the continental shelf, their planetary presence growing stronger each day. It is in this darkest hour, while man fights for his existence against the alien menace, that the Syntha chose to betray the Tripartite Confederacy and unleash their might against the thinly held Iskandrian neutral zone, precipitating a conflict with the potential to plunge the entire galaxy into civil war.

The Watchers

They came in fast and hard, half their number covering the loading dock entrance, the rest taking up positions at other access points; three to the front office, three by the power plant door, two more waiting beneath the broad windows of the cafeteria, ready to smash their way in. She watched them from the shadows atop a crane arm, a massive bend of hydraulic muscle folded along the south wall, nestled amongst the forest of gantries and walkways that spanned the vast space high above the storage bay floor. From the cluster around the dock doors pairs of soldiers sprinted into the bay's dim interior, two by two by two, taking up protected positions amongst the assortment of casks and crates, cliff-like walls of boxes and vacuum packed bundles of uncharged t-cells; Corvine Chemical and Battery's stock in trade.

Omikron 1.11 observed the last pair leaving the dock door's square of light, running in a half crouch past their fellows, further along into the shadowed depths of the bay. She shifted her position slightly for a better view of this lead pair, sheltered by the bulk of two emergency generators; squat plastiform engines resting on shipping palettes. One of the figures consulted a hand-held device, the green LED glow faintly reflected on the soldier's bulbous respirator. They were scanning for power signatures, looking for any sign of the broad-spectrum spike that had led them here.

She closed her eyes, ignoring the faint tingle of adrenaline that charged her system, and sent her machine consciousness questing over sub-ether carrier bands. Her transceiver was wide-open and hyper-sensitive to the energies of the surrounding area, she could almost see the lines of force of the city's power grid, great rivers of static-lightning pulsing with life like the veins in a human arm. Each of the soldiers, too, generated some background flux, from the low-level power of their equipment to the staccato pop of their flat-wave comm system, though their speech was just so much encrypted garble that Omikron ignored it entirely. She tuned and fine-tuned her perceptions, looking for one unobtrusive thread in the flux-filled space. So sensitive was she, and so delicate her search, that should she be struck while so engaged by a sub-ether comm-wave of sufficient density, such as those generated by starships and interplanetary aerials, the damage to her system would be fatal.

Omikron made contact with the other minds of her cell, skipping lightly from matrix to matrix, reinforcing her positional awareness of each 'synth in the complex. Each SPOMM fed her new information, for her's were not the only eyes that watched from the shadows, and from that stream of data emerged a picture of events that went far beyond her body's limited perception. In the space of an instant she formed a clear idea of the dispositions of the foe as they methodically entered the building from other directions; troopers hurrying to secure the lobby, one soldier limping from the vicious kick that had sent the office door crashing inward, three others moving along the second floor gantry of the power plant, sighting along shouldered rifles, one team still waiting outside, crouched beneath the large windows of the company cafeteria.

She watched these events unfold, using the constant data feed to keep her mind's perfect map of the CCB plant updated on a second-by-second basis. Half the Viridian soldiers were in the storage bay with her and close by three more searched the power plant immediately adjacent to her position. The others were a greater distance away along the building's long axis. It was a tactical disposition very similar to one of the nine simulations she had run with her battle software, and Omikron was confidant that with slight adjustments the plan she had arrived at by a combination of three-dimensional mathematics, the sampling and analysis of engrafted memories by the SPOMM-guided micro AI in her cerebellum, and the subconscious evaluation of data collected by her bioorganic processing centre, her human mind's own intuitive function.

In seconds she had the battle template she wanted and quickly fed it to her second-in-command, who acted immediately upon her orders by directing a torrent of fire into the troopers in the CCB office section, enfilading them at short range as they moved along a narrow corridor. In their inexperience the IDF soldiers had not thought to check their rear and, having cleared each room in succession, textbook perfect, they never suspected the Achilles class biomech that paced them, had in fact followed them into the building from outside. They fell in a bleeding clump, their armour pierced and cracked by dozens of hard steel spikes.

Mentally she pulled away from Eta 5.85's slaughtering storm, noting with some alarm the faint pulse of pleasure she detected in his consciousness, and damped down the background flux around her once more to search out the IDF troopers that shared the storage bay with her. Omikron listened to their comm bursts,

detected a pattern of panic in their attempts to re-establish contact with their fallen comrades. They acted as she had foreseen, without information they languished in indecision, unsure what action they should take while so much of their location and situation remained a mystery. She quickly checked the near-dormant SPOMMs that waited scant meters from the unsuspecting squad, before rushing back along sub-ether currents to monitor events elsewhere.

Through the high-resolution optics of an androsynth's eyes Omikron watched the pair of IDF men crash through the cafeteria window, their movements disjointed, almost frantic, as they scanned the room for threats. The idea that these were soldiers of little training or experience now suggested itself and Omikron fed the hypothesis to the AI analyser incorporated into her memory module suite, which, after a nearly imperceptible interval, confirmed her guess as eighty-five percent likely. She quickly sent a data-pulse to Eta and he moved to intercept the pair, activating the tactical androsynths in his vicinity to accompany him as he surged down the corridors of the CCB administrative wing. It was time for Omikron to spring her trap.

The IDF team down on the floor of the storage bay had decided on a course of action, Omikron noted the burst of comm traffic between one of the troopers, most likely the leader, and the soldiers still in the power generating hall. She allowed herself one last look at those three through the eyes of the patient androsynth that stood stock-still in the deep shadows of a bulking generator, and inferred from their movements that they were heading in her direction, probably to secure the door between storage and the power plant. She broke the connection. Her consciousness was immediately assaulted by a rush of disjointed stimuli, her body an almost forgotten object, a meat-thing, richly sensuous. Omikron suppressed that disorienting tide and slipped off the crane where she had been concealed, moving deliberately along the catwalks that crisscrossed the cavernous bay like a web of grey iron.

She ran with quite tread, spring-tense muscles sheathed in cabled polyprene lending her speed and a weird agility, and, fawn-like, she sprang through the shadows of the girdered gloom high above the warehouse floor. She could not sense but see the soldiers moving through the cluttered columns of the storage bay, hurrying to meet their fellows in the connecting room. She moved to intercept them, fully intending they should see the speeding blur on their motion scans and turn to engage her. Omikron leapt whole stairs and the spaces between gantries, flinging herself over guardrails to land, feather-light and poised, on walkways a storey down. Soon she paralleled the IDF's line of moving soldiers.

They opened fire, uncertain and inaccurate, the flechettes striking a section of the gantry behind her. She leapt again, rolling in the air to land crouching atop a towering rise of hard-shell crates. Omikron froze, sticking in place, pausing for a full second before reaching out once more with her transceiver, coursing along sub-ether strings to the SPOMM minds that waited, close by and concealed, in crates and boxes on the storage bay floor. She bid them awake, and execute her plan.

They traded fire in that tight space, but surprise and cold resolve cut down the Viridian's desperate stand. Omikron dropped to the floor, moving to take the survivors of the initial attack in the rear. She would capture a prisoner, preferably an officer, and extract information as to the IDF's plans and disposition in the neutral zone. But she was too late, the androsynths had advanced in a machine-wall of unbreakable might, the searing beams of their pulse weapon's like great blades of force slicing through cover and reducing men to smoking piles of meat, leaving none alive.

Omikron paused to gather data and, touching Eta 5.85's exulting mind she knew that he too had won a victory, killing his way back to her and sweeping the building clear. The entire IDF force was wiped out, and Omikron gave the order for the androsynths to gather their damaged components and disperse to follow separate routes to their next assembly point. They did this efficiently, mechanically, uncaring of the bodies that littered the ground around them.

She approached the scorched corpses of the soldiers, finding the one she had identified as their leader. Her secondary objective in creating the trap had been the procurement of an enemy commander, and in that she had failed. Omikron gazed at the trooper, noting the stripes of rank that indicated a veteran officer; the stencilled helmet bore what must have been the individual's name: 'Sonder.' There would be other opportunities, and Omikron would watch for them.

Syntha Combat Cell: Designate 2D5 ARK 35

By Graham Stenning
Force List used: Urban War Issue 0

The Artemis Alpha Biomech designate ARK35 stood silently in the centre of the rendezvous room, giving scant attention to the background AI communications that continually whispered in her head. She knew that she was just a single element of the Syntha AI affinity, a very small part of the whole, but as such never alone, never lost.

Standing around her, as silent as statues, awaiting instructions were the other biomechs assigned to ARK35 cell. They had arrived a few moments ago and were awaiting her signal to go. The brutal aspect of the muscle and biomech enhanced Achilles biomechs, in stark contrast to the near perfection of the Artemis biomechs.

As the final instructions are received from Prime and loaded into her secondary D-core, they all leave through the door that had just opened. They travel through a maze of corridors without a word. Mean while the discrete affinity sub-area allocated to ARK35 cell buzzes with the data sharing of personal and technical data that each biomech uploads from their personal D-core. When the group turns a corner a large bulkhead opens, giving them a view of one of the new androsynth production area. Here the final stages of assembly, encoding and assignment allocation take place.

As the final instructions are received from Prime and loaded into her secondary D-core, the group moves off, heading for the androsynth preparation area, where the final stages of encoding and assignment allocation take place. As they travel through the maze of corridors the discrete affinity sub-area allocated to ARK35 cell buzzes with the data sharing of personal and technical data that each biomech uploads from their personal D-core.

Turning a corner they pass through a heavy bulkhead door and stride by three long rows of androsynths. Each row comprised of identical models of the new MKII and Pointman androsynths in their standby position.

As the group passes the beginning of each row, they can discern the affinity net activating the synths assigned to the combat cell. The activated synths fall in behind the biomechs as they pass, each ones small data-indicator lighting up to display the newly formed cells ID designation 2D5-ARK35 and the synths own two-cypher designation.

ARK35 reviews the technical stats previously stored in her D-core, assessing each and every droids technical specifications and in turn making judgements on how and when they can be used to achieve maximum efficiency for the highest probability of success. As these thoughts are assimilated, she sends instructions to her group, locking down the cells assigned discrete affinity sub-area. She uploads the group orders and vital data files, in addition allocating protected direct AI and affinity ports for the cells communications, as well as discrete links for each member of the cell and the androsynths. As the SPOMM Hyper-thread Transceiver signals it's readiness, she leads the 2D5-ARK35 combat cell toward one of the main bulkheads that access the neutral zone. The cell starts to spread out, fitting itself into the combat positions already downloaded through the SPOMM Hyper-thread of ARK35.

The silence that had followed them from the rendezvous location is now only broken by the sounds of their movement as they enter the neutral zone of Iskandria. From now on they are separate from direct affinity with Prime but not alone, never alone.

So as with similar combat articles you will find in this edition of Urban War, I will be looking at the Syntha combat troops for Urban Warfare. I hope to give a breakdown of what they can do and how I plan to use them and then present you with my own force list that I'll be using based upon a 300-point force and a 400-point force. That being said lets look at the troops that will make up my 2D5-ARK35 cell.

THE SYNTHS

MK II Tactical Androsynths

The 'Grasshoppers', as they have come to be called by some on the Urban Mammoth forum, are the basic troops that every Syntha combat group is build up from. They are based upon a new SPOMM that allows the synth to function without the normal restrictions that we know and love in VOID 1.1. These come in two variants and have distinct roles, apart from being your general cannon fodder!

The 'tactical' support variant armed with a pulse rifle is good for your ranged attacks and taking out pesky dragonflies.

If the table is light on intervening terrain, troops armed with these will be good ranged support, keeping the heads of the enemy down or making killing zones. By this I mean putting the model on over-watch and waiting for the enemies' movements to bring him into LOS and weapon range, as soon as he does this you can try for a disruptive shot. This method catches the unwary out and can give you control over certain parts of the table. The main advantage here is with the chance to kill or at least cause a shock test that can stop or at least delay an enemy's offensive. These synths will be good for holding the flanks as well, especially if they can be placed in raised cover of some description. You will need to try and keep them out of CC as the weapon has to be used as an improvised weapon with a to hit mod of -1 and DAM: ST-1.

The 'close range' variant, armed with a grape gun and combat shield, will allow you to make a steady assault upon your opponents. These will be good at advancing in cover towards a defended position and then following the Pointman androsynth out of cover to assault the enemy.

The grape gun is a good close combat and short-range weapon. If you're playing on a terrain heavy gaming table with limited LOS, then this variant is a must to give you the best chance of knocking out the enemy. With it's two hit dice you have a very good chance of taking out the first model hit and even moving the second shot onto any enemy troops following closely behind. If you don't knock out the second guy then at least the shock test may stop him in his tracks.

The battle shield helps to ensure its survivability by conferring +1 toughness from attacks in the front arc. If nothing else they should cause your opponent to activate his model as he tries to has to remove their threat and thus drawing his fire away from other models on your side.

Pointman

I so like this model, so it's very tempting for me to want to take loads of them but lets be sensible now. These guys can take a good amount of punishment before being taken out. Having heavy armour 2 means that they always have an 8+ save against any wounds received, so this guy should be a real headache for the enemy to get rid off. Combine that with careful use cover in the shape of windows, rubble, machinery etc and this guy is going to get the job done.

The Chain Gun is a real crowd disperser. If you need to break through a defence line or just make a statement then this is just the weapon for the job. It offers a good ranged assault punch that is capable of knocking out a defence line allowing other troops (such as MK II's with grape guns) to mop up after it, and at short range it's a killer. Like the MKII pulse rifle Androsynth, this is not a model that you want to get stuck in CC, so you don't want to leave this model out on it's own. This weapon allows the Pointman to be pretty versatile in its function and can just as easily be positioned in a defensive position where it is capable of stopping a frontal attack.

MK II's and Pointmen are always CAL:0 and thus you will need to be pretty methodical with their game play. Try not to over stretch them or isolate them too much. Remember that they are immune to panic, thus they don't need to make morae checks! But they still make shock checks as with normal troops.

THE BIOMECHS

Achilles Class

This engineered muscle and metal power house carries a serious punch and shows the direction that the Syntha faction is heading towards with it's cultural gender roles.

This Achilles is available as: CAL 1 or 2, has a CD of 5 and a +1 High Morale special rule. So what does that mean game wise? These stats define this biomechs aggression and disregard for friendly losses around him. He need only make morale checks for the loss of comrades within 5" or 4" (CAL:1 and 2 respectively). When he does need to make morale or rally check he has a basic 4+ save (CD5 +1 morale = 6). When testing for 'shock' he rolls an additional 1 or 2 D10

dice to the test - subject to his cal level - reducing the chance of him becoming shocked by enemy fire - assuming he survives it of course. Whilst this biomech is on his feet, he will kick butt! His CAL rating also means that he has the chance of gaining additional actions. Can anyone say 9 x D10 short-range Chain Gun shots!!!!

Whilst he has the heavy hitting power of the Pointman and the CAL to give extra actions to really make holes in an enemies ranks and rush through them, he should not be the front man, but he'll be pretty close behind. I have this guy as part of the main assault group. Send the Pointman out to blast or activate the enemy models and then follow up with the Achilles biomech to finish the break through. You may lose the Pointman but the biomech should survive. Otherwise send him down the flank with some 'close range' variant androsynth and force your opponent to allocate his forces to meet his approach, thus weakening his defences as your enemy can ill afford to ignore this bulldozer of a biomech.

Artemis Class

Now for the ladies turn. This biomech comes with the Camouflage ability, thus beyond medium range (24") they can't be seen unless they shoot and are able to gain a +1 cover saving when not charging, shooting or in CC. This makes them good flankers or objective takers. Armed with a blaster and taken as a CAL 1 or 2 means that when they finally do open fire they get two shots and the possibly of spread-over fire (see p.18 Issue 0) and the chance for additional 'follow-on actions' (see p.12 issue 0). Even thought they lack the +1 morale that the Achilles class biomech has, they make formidable infiltrators or rapid response support troops to stop a breach in a defence line of AA's.

Artemis Class Alpha

Not only is this a great model but also she is one hard babe to take out as well as being a multi-role figure. She can go forward on her own or hold back and maximise the abilities of a group of androsynths.

The Artemis alpha is only available at CAL:3 and at 61 points, you aren't going to be taking her in lower point games. When you do take her, then you will get results. Her role will very much depend on the scenario being played.

The stealth ability is going to be a bane for all those that have to fight against her, as she is out of Line of Sight beyond short range (12") So this biomech would make a great assassin or for going out on her own to flank the enemy. Especially as she doesn't have to worry so much about being shot at, even by sniper fire, although watch out for the VASA Dragonflies flying in to range unexpectedly.

This biomech is also ped with the SPOMM Hyper-thread Transceiver, which allows Androsynth models to re-roll failed CD checks if within 6" of the Alpha biomech. So by putting some Androsynths within range this reduces the chance of the Andro's becoming shocked or failing to react when you need them too. Don't bunch them up too much though, any as template weapon that hit will be very nasty. At the same time, the enemy can't shoot at her until she comes into short range (or makes an aggressive act). Just how big a smile can I make I wonder!

As I mentioned before being armed with a Blaster is not a problem with the chance of up to three follow actions when in snap fire, as well as a +1 morale, just adds to big time ouch for the enemy.

When playing against Viridians then the Artemis biomechs will be good for taking out snipers. Against VASA, place the tactical androsynth with pulse rifles on over-watch and cover their movement against the likes of dragonflies. As for Junkers, you really want to take out that flamethrower guy (Myrmillo), so take plenty of ranged shots and try to get him to explode!

The 2D5-ARK 35 force list

The basic force list I'll be using is 300 points. I'll be trying to make a balanced force that can function in defence as well as offence, whilst conforming to my whim of what I think looks good.

300-point Force

Qty	Troop type	CAL	Points	Total
2	Andro with Pulse	(CAL 0)	25	50
2	Andro with Grape	(CAL 0)	29	58
1	Pointman	(CAL 0)	33	33
2	Achilles Biomech	(CAL 1)	41	82
1	Artemis Biomech	(CAL 1)	34	34
1	Artemis Biomech	(CAL 2)	43	43
			Total	300 pts

This is a fairly balanced force, allowing a good amount of ranged and short-ranged weaponry, combined with the close combat abilities of the grape gun Andros and Artemis biomechs.

Making the move to a 400 point force

I have boosted the ranged and close combat ability of this force along with boosting the CAL levels of the biomechs to allow me to take the alpha. The Alpha

is still a point sponge at this level but the benefits to the androsynths should pay off for the points. If I was going to avoid the Alpha at this stage then I'll be going with the following composition:

400-point Force

Qty	Troop type	CAL	Points	Total
4	Andro with Pulse	(CAL 0)	25	100
4	Andro with Grape	(CAL 0)	29	116
1	Pointman	(CAL 0)	33	33
1	Achilles Biomech	(CAL 1)	41	41
2	Artemis Biomech	(CAL 1)	34	68
1	Artemis Biomech	(CAL 2)	43	43
			Total	401pts

Okay, I'm one point over but where I play a +/- 10% is normally allowed, honest! This force may well be the most fun to play. A nice balance between the androsynths, some assault backup in the form of the Achilles biomech and a flock of Artemis biomechs to flank and get into short range and close combat.

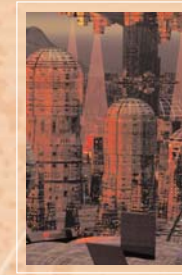
If I want to be able to field my CAL 3 Alpha option I need to make some sacrifices and in this case it's the Achilles biomechs. I've dropped these as I still get a good rate of fire from the Pointmen.

Qty	Troop type	CAL	Points	Total
4	Andro with Pulse	(CAL 0)	25	100
4	Andro with Grape	(CAL 0)	29	116
1	Pointman	(CAL 0)	33	33
2	Artemis Biomech	(CAL 2)	43	86
1	Artemis Alpha Biomech	(CAL 3)	61	61
			Total	396

This force will be more difficult to play, but I'm going to give it a go. Otherwise the Alpha will have to wait until I play with 450 or 500 points.

As some final words of advice, remember to use the Tactical Androsynth with pulse rifle to give covering fire to your close combat troops. Try and combine the over-watch and disruptive fire rule to take out any enemy troops that try and shoot or assault your close combat troops as they advance in the open. I hope you have enjoyed this article. You may not agree with everything I have said and that's fine, try out your own ideas and see how they work. Drop by and let us know about it on the Urban Mammoth forums (www.urbanmammoth.com). Remember most of all to learn by your mistakes and have fun.

'Affinity is just a thought away, as Syntha you need never be afraid, as you are never alone'



The Old Ways

The first gleam of morning transformed the nighttime city, adding twilight grey to the glossy palette of black and cold white-silver. What had been pinpricks of light in the distance gained shape; backlit, the eastern cityscape deepened as it gained flesh, first the highest building tops, then the lines of walls and lesser roofs, a many-shaped thicket of receding forms growing shadows as Arkadia spilled its light over the city. Then colours, the first hints of pink soon overpowered by orange horizons, but the streets themselves white with morning's mist. A new day, and Fukugawa, sitting high atop a 'scraper, greeted the dawn in repose, serene, a sword by his side.

As night became day Fukugawa sat, absorbing the transforming world, noting the shifting colour, the first faint stirrings of the morning sea breeze, the wetness that clung to his face and hands and slicked the plasticrete beneath him. The changing moment in all its infinite gradients, to experience it was to know life, the transient transformation of this moment to the next, the last moment to this, all moments an eternal now that would last for no time at all. Fukugawa was between time when he heard a sound behind him, and knew he was not alone.

"Fukugawa-sama." She was behind him, but Fukugawa did not turn. He could see her clearly in his mind's eye, bent on one knee in obeisance, her great, articulated wings fanning upward, a knife-winged angel.

"Report to me Ojoo-san, what of the arena-slaves?" he said.

"They continue their course eastward, just now I left them, their leader fought a successful duel against a subordinate. It is she that carries the antique capsule." Her voice was as a child's, honey-smooth and light.

"It is good." Fukugawa stood, straightening with an economy of motion that seemed a kind of levitation. He turned to the Dragonfly, bid her rise. "You will follow, watch only. No transmissions. Use the signal pulse and each new day, when the sun first strikes the city's shore, you will signal to me here. I will watch for you." She was very young, small-framed as all of her kind, innocent until one noticed her killer's eyes. Lightly he stroked her cheek, teak-brown fingers sliding over porcelain skin. Her expression lightened, an almost smile.

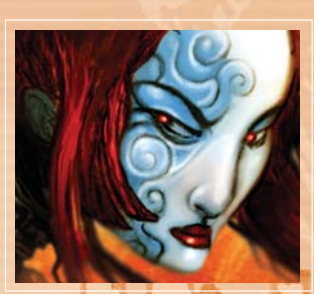
"Go, Ojoo-san, and remain unseen. I will send your sisters to you when the time to act has come. Obey me in this." A formal bow, wings unfurling. A few steps and she was gone, gliding downward on graviton wings.

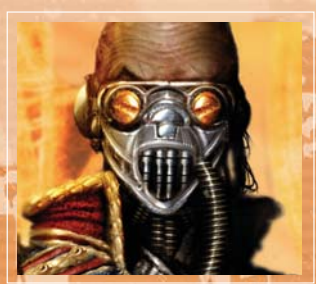
Fukugawa, scabbarded sword in hand, left the rooftop by other means; down stairs linking empty floors in an empty building, past wide spaces tight with nested cubicles and executive offices resplendent in imitation wood. Leaving the stairwell at the fifteenth floor he strode through tidy corridors to a narrow office blotched with damp, its open window edged with shards of shattered duroplaz. Through this Fukugawa leapt.

Another roof, and down, abandoned spaces like any other, quietly frozen afterimages of times past. Saner times. Fukugawa, though existing outside the sunlit world of the people who had worked in these buildings, people living conventional lives of conventional scope, could agree that these days were bad indeed. The surface world was gone here in Iskandria's free city, the neutral zone, and now the Underworld lie exposed, a dying symbiot, planning and fighting for the return to those saner times.

Fukugawa Jiro was top boss of Wind Ringing Bell clan, and as underboss of Five Clans South he was one of six captains reporting directly to Boss Sakai, the second most powerful crime lord in Iskandria. 'Little' Sakai, sometimes called Tiger Shifting, ran the illicit activities of fifty sectors, no goods were lifted, no organ jacked, no hit contracted without Sakai's knowledge. It was the way of the clans, called Triads by outsiders, and only through the clans could the Shadow Market and the Floating World operate as they did, alongside the more conventional mechanisms of Iskandrian society. Fukugawa ran one such clan; he was the head of a family business with roots stretching back to antiquity.

Fukugawa's winding progress took him to street level, through a narrow alley connecting the loading dock of an imports store with the waste yard of an autofabricator, to a door in the shadowed alcove of a switchback. Spy-eyes scanned him, unseen even by one who knew where to look, and the door opened, far thicker than it appeared, a vault door, the safe house door. A single guard bowed welcome and Fukugawa nodded assent, satisfied by what he saw in the man's eyes.





He thinks I'm mad to walk alone, a target for the other clans, or even the Syntha, but he wonders what I know that he does not, what it is that lets an old man walk unafraid and unguarded through the city streets. He is in awe of me; he knows the boss is not a normal man, but more than that, much more.

This was the Old Way, and the Old Ways were best. Fukugawa has seen the bosses of the new generation, vicious, emotional, eager to show their status. They ran their crews like fat little princes, bedecked with glittering wearable-wealth, ruling through tantrum threats and cavorting with their men as if they were still but hired thugs, newly minted to crime. Such was the underboss Togomi Ichiro, called Black Dagger, who had recently brought much shame to his family, and by extension all of Wind Ringing Bell clan to which his family owed allegiance.

Fukugawa pushed such thoughts aside as he strode through the many rooms and twisting halls of his home; through the storehouses crammed with the exotic and mundane in ever shifting variety and past the contrasting empty spaces of the dojo where classes in the killing arts were taught by old masters, further along and he passed the general armoury, its pair of guards bowing deeply in his wake, as did a group of retainers returning from patrol, their full armour bearing the clan's mon; once down a flight of stairs the chill wind of the tunnels struck him, but he did not enter the broad corridor that lead to the secret under-city web of passages, instead moving hurriedly along, past yet more guards and the vehicle bay where a handful of Oni battlesuits stood silently, not looking, sparing but a glance at the lab where a few technicians stooped over the dismembered corpse of an androsynth, another turn and a sharp rise, and warmth on the other side of a heavy metal door. Fukugawa nodded greeting to his private staff, his closest relations, men and women to whom he entrusted his life. Here was the control centre for his family and clan, here was his home.

One of his sons looked up from the comm-console, a beautifully made desk of polished hardwood and inlaid ivory, "Lord, urgent encryption from VASA liaison Shimazu, he asks for your personal attention."

Fukugawa's face revealed no reaction, but such a strange request from VASA was irritating; instead of going through the top boss of Five Clans South they were contacting him? If this was a game of divide and rule they had best be careful in whom they invite to play, Fukugawa disliked such games.

Before he could frame his reply Fukugawa noticed the shoji screen separating his private offices from the control centre was partially open, sign that an important guest was within. Frowning, now visibly displeased, he said, "We have important family guest and you burden me with outsider requests? Have my sons forgotten their names as well as their manners?"

Without looking back to see their shame, for they were, after all, good sons of whom he was proud, Fukugawa entered his private offices, closing the screen. There to greet him with a deep bow was old Takehisi Taro, respected senior in the Togomi family hierarchy. Fukugawa received his greeting and, taking his place behind an ornate desk, motioned that Takehisi should sit and speak.

"Fukugawa-sama, for too long has my nephew, Black Dagger Togomi, behaved as an errant child." Takehisi sat very straight, but age betrayed his nervousness in the flutter of his hands. "So, Lord, I have done what needed doing, and I give myself to you as one who has broken family law."

It was then that Fukugawa noticed the plastiform box next to the old man's chair, the insulated kind for the transport of prepared food. He nodded his head, Takehisi had solved an intolerable situation but in so doing had forfeited his life.

"Takehisi-sama," Fukugawa went to him, lifted him gently to his feet so the two stood, formally, facing one another. "You bring honour to your family, and to our clan. You will of course be permitted to take your own life, in the time and manner of your choosing. I have spoken." Before Takehisi departed Fukugawa bowed in deep respect, as one bows to a lord or teacher, and the look of relief on the old man's face was replaced by a stern pride. All the threads of Takehisi's life now fell into place, the pattern of his days now clear, whole, given purpose by a noble end. He exited a complete man, with honour.

Alone, Fukugawa lifted the plastiform box, placing it on his desk. Removing the lid he beheld the severed head of Togomi Ichiro, one time Black Dagger, staring back. The Old Ways were best.

SEC Team 3 'Ghost'

By Sven Wichert
Force List used: Urban War Issue 0

Background:

Although the Viridian Armed Forces (VAF) are in general well trained and equipped, there are times when this is not enough. Some situations call for elite warriors, such as those of the Special Engagement Command (SEC). This semi-secret branch of the VAF was founded specifically to handle situations too unusual, risky or important for normal troops. The members of the SEC are organised in teams of up to two dozen soldiers, each of them a specialist in one or more aspects of warfare.

The equipment of the SEC teams is top-notch; they even have access to several prototypes freshly out of Viridias weapon factories. The normal operations of SEC teams can cover anything from espionage to sabotage, from infiltration to reconnaissance - it's even rumoured that assassinations are not beyond their scope.

SEC Team 3, codenamed 'Ghost', is one of the smaller teams consisting of only eleven members. The team was secretly on Kyklops for a spell of R&R after taking part in heavy fighting against the Koralon in the Guxiss system. The alien attack cut off the team from transportation and left it stranded in Iskandria. As soon as the fighting began Sergeant Jason Caine, leader of SEC Team 3, revealed the presence of his men to the commanders of the new-founded planetary defence forces, who, constantly lacking trained personnel, were delighted to have access to such elite troops. As the Viridian forces regrouped after the betrayal of the Syntha, Caine and his team were ordered forward to carry out extensive recon missions in the neutral zone of Iskandria.

Force Composition and Battle Tactics:

The creation of this team was pretty straightforward - I wanted to have one CAL 3 sergeant. Following the rules this meant that I needed two CAL 2 models, four CAL 1 models and four CAL 0 models. Fortunately this fit perfectly with the available blisters so there weren't any problems.

Although I haven't had a chance to test this force list on the battlefield so far, I have a pretty good idea of how it should work. My main battle plan is to use the CAL 2 snipers to take out key enemy models. To protect them, each will be teamed up with one of the CAL 1 marines. The snipers will get lock-fire orders and the marines will get over-watch or snap-fire to enable them to react to enemy action.

Under the protection of the snipers the rest of the team will stay flexible, able to carry out whatever actions are appropriate to the scenario or situation.

In general I'll try to keep out of close combat, as none of the team are very good in this area.

SEC Team 3, "The Ghosts"

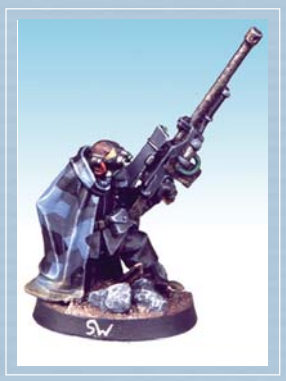
Sergeant Jason Caine	(Colonial Marine Sergeant, CAL 3, Leader)	41 pts.
Corporal Jackson Kramer	(Sniper, CAL 2)	64 pts.
Corporal Zandra Wynfield	(Sniper, CAL 2)	64 pts.
Corporal Frank Miller	(Colonial Marine, CAL 1)	26 pts.
Corporal Maria Esteban	(Colonial Marine, CAL 1)	26 pts
Private Deidre McPrice	(Colonial Marine, CAL 1)	26 pts.
Private Viktor Borjarksy	(Colonial Marine, CAL 1)	26 pts.
Private Sean McCall	(Colonial Marine, CAL 0)	20 pts
Private Mark Jones	(Colonial Marine, CAL 0)	20 pts.
Private Alison Yates	(Colonial Marine, CAL 0)	20 pts.
Private Pedro Rodriguez	(Colonial Marine, CAL 0)	20 pts.

Total: 353 pts.

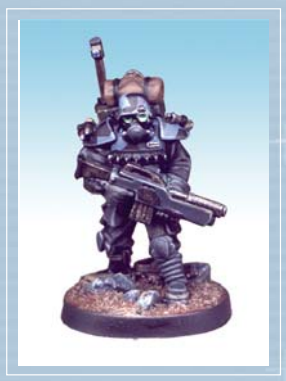
Variations:

Right now there are no real variations of this list but this will change for sure when new troop types are published. The incorporation of new troop types will be no problem background-wise because SEC teams have access to a wide range of equipment, even including power-armour etc. Adding additional members to the team is easily explained, recruits being drawn from the local planetary defence forces. After all the team has no contact with the SEC, and is dependent on local resources.

Some of Sven's "Ghosts"



Corporal Jackson Kramer

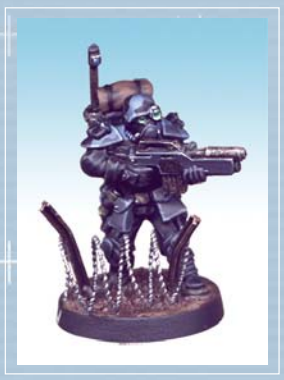


Private Viktor Borjarksy

Corporal Zandra Wynfield

Private Sean McCall

Sergeant Jason Caine



Corporal Frank Miller

For the Fight

Avicea was bleeding, her nose an oozing mass of flattened tissue, her chest painted crimson by the flowing wound at the base of her neck; a ragged flap of flesh near torn off by Kalax's teeth. She resisted the urge to staunch the flow, feeling the warmth slide beneath her harness, quickening as it rolled over her damp skin, merging and diluting with her sweat. She bared her bloody teeth in challenge.

Kalax circled, moving to Avicea's off-hand with his shield held low. He leered. A pillar of tawny muscle and worm-white scars, a taperless, blunt mass of fighting flesh, Kalax was the strongest of the Secutors assigned to Avicea's maniple, strongest and least likely to submit to the rule of a rival, especially in the lawless spaces of the neutral zone.

"Not gimmicks nor blade-dancing, nor teams of harlots can save you now." He grinned blackly, moving further along Avicea's left-hand side, sliding his boots through the rubble of the street. She watched his feet and kept her facing, moving slowly back, shifting, shifting, finding the room to stretch her broad blade before her. They faced each other in the damp of the pre-dawn, Amazonia and Secutor, the morning mist diffusing the streetlights' pale glow.

His back was to a burnt-out grav-car now, she heard the scrape of his armoured greave as it drug along the bubbled black plastic of the fuselage. He circled still. Kalax had caught her by surprise before, crying challenge as he brought his shield-boss smashing upward into her face. Avicea had reeled as he barrelled into her, trying to knock her off her feet, bludgeoning her again with his head before biting her, slavering and growling like a pit beast on the Arena floor. She had brought both fists up to connect with his jaw, a weak blow, but enough to separate them. Somehow she had lost her pistol in the struggle, but was furious enough not to miss it.

Kalax gestured with his fist-blade, stabbing the air between them. "Ain't no ways you'll lord it over me, your women's tricks ain't of no use in the Games, and ain't of no use here neither. Yield to me and I'll let-"

Avicea lunged, spearing at Kalax's face in a feint before quickly sweeping her blade in a backhanded cross to avoid his block. She sidestepped, pivoting, reversing the sword in a looping arc while Kalax bulled forward, missing her by a hand's-breadth but still charging, prisoner to his momentum. Her spin described a full circle, her blade whistling back to its starting point, sharply, biting deep into Kalax's exposed back as he tumbled past. He fell.

Leaning on her sword Avicea caught her breath as Kalax's spent the last of his in laboured rasping. She wiped slick blood from her face and lifted her head to regard the rest of her maniple standing silently in the shadow of the dispatch office that had been their camp. Deliberately, almost theatrically, she turned her back to them and went to retrieve her autopistol.

"Was his first loss, he were undefeated in the Arena, twenty-four and oh, and that were just his single combats." The rumbling voice of Pig, the Myrmillo, rolled across the silence.

"Perhaps," Avicea, voice faint, cleared her throat and spat a bead of red. "Perhaps that is why he lies dead at my feet, and why none of you will be so stupid as to repeat his mistake." A clear challenge. "And if you are, then, I'll have it out with you right this instant and will have no more questioning."

They were silent, not cowed, no, not these killers, but cautious as those who have lived alongside death learn to be. A few of them were insane, driven so through an intimate acquaintance with horror, all of them were cold, flint-hearted and hard, but they were all members of a group, a proudly self-aware family of warriors, and the language of the group spoke to them. They knew where to bestow respect, and Avicea, in their eyes, had earned what previously had been a titular rank. They looked at her now as their leader in fact and word.

Next to the rounded mass of Pig, his bare flesh the shiny pink of burn-scars, the gaunt figure of Skelus spoke. "We ain't having any questions of you, Decurion, Kalax were just mad on skull-rot, what we found bags of in that stuck grav-barge." Skelus hefted her shock lance and slid a withering eye over the assembled maniple, "you'll see no more repeats of such from this lot, or I'll bury my lance in their tenders." This was met with a scattering of laughter and a few contemptuous remarks.

Avicea gave the order to strike camp. She was Decurion, commander, though she did not relish the task. Gladiatrix in the Great Arena, performer, killer, she had been part of a troupe of Amazonian fighters specializing in team events, coordinated small unit assaults calculated for maximum showmanship. Naturally the fighters of her stable had been assigned to leadership roles in the strange new irregular force mobilized by the Junkers, roles for which they alone had at least some qualification. And so her sisters each had maniples like hers, unruly, headstrong squads of gladiators, each with stubborn maniacs like Kalax and sociopaths like the surly Pig.

They collected their few belongings, her maniple carrying little as it was easy to live off the abandoned stocks of the city, and followed Avicea eastward, back toward Junker town. She kept to side streets, avoiding the open ground of the wide ten-lane boulevards that bisected Iskandria. This was a commercial sector, the buildings tall and gleaming, a thousand shades of unpolluted grey and deep gloss black, and the reflected silver of the Arkadian sunrise. Quiet and empty, no one daring to live this close to the Syntha demarcation, it seemed somehow perfect; a sharp contrast to the ramshackle tangle of the Junker's Quarter. Not for the first time Avicea felt exposed in this land of straight lines and silence, she had always rather had her enemies no more than a sword's length away.

It had been three days since her maniple had raided the IPP-UAM branch bank, rifling through its piles of now useless scrip, blasting its vaults wide and drilling the locks from its ranks of strongboxes. The gladiators were now bedecked with trinkets recovered from the place, and more than a few burdened themselves with bricks of gold or blocks of lectrofuse paste, but it was the chrome cylinder in Avicea's pouch that had been their true objective. The size of a man's forearm and twice as thick around, a smooth, mirrored silver, the container was unbroken by seam or keyhole, no code pad or latch, print-scan or pin sampler was in evidence. Still, it was what she had been sent to retrieve, her maniple and several others, each assigned a string of free city banks and told to raid their vaults in search of such silver tubes. She did not trouble herself over the contents, sufficient in the knowledge that she would be well rewarded upon her return to the Junker Quarter.

So now they faced the long walk back to the Junker's Quarter, the choked roads unsuitable for vehicles and the spy drones that occasionally zinged through the skies overhead making anything but foot traffic chancy. It was, Avicea thought, a perfect environment for her kind, their endurance and resourcefulness, and expertise at close quarters battle. Thus far they had seen no enemy, no sterile Syntha 'bots marching in skirmish order or cutthroat gangs of Triad smugglers had accosted them, and the only fighting they had done had been amongst themselves. She surveyed the hardened group that paced her and knew that they would only get more unruly as time passed, time without combat could drive these warriors to feats of unwarranted violence and destruction. Some kind of action was needed lest they go mad.

The crashing song of shattered 'plaz startled her; whirling, turning around Avicea saw the ground floor windows of the building directly behind her maniple disintegrating in a glittering cascade, blown out. Dust spiked around them, an explosive trail, chipped plastment flung upwards to sting their flesh is the wake of the rending progress of a storm of flechettes. As men and women fell around her Avicea saw machines emerge from the jagged opening, taller than any man, crunching 'plaz under foot as they strode from the office building, projecting a withering hail of fire.

Above the whine of the chainguns Avicea screamed her challenge, leaping forward over the scattered bodies of her fallen maniple. Through the dust she saw Skelus nimbly darting forward, closing with her net-launcher aimed on the closest 'synth. The castigator whooshed somewhere to her right and forward, the blossoming flame engulfing a Pointman and setting the interior of the building at its back ablaze; a wave of baking heat washed over her as Pig's manic laughter chilled her blood. Avicea pinged shots off the burning 'synth as she charged, unslinging her broadsword for a decapitating blow. She grinned; it was good to fight.

AVE CAESAR ! MORITURI TE SALUTANT!

- Traditional greeting of the gladiators.

The School of Augustus Commodus

By Knut Heykena
Force List used: Urban War Issue 0

Augustus Commodus once served the MDCVXII Vulture Legion as Decurion of a Convict Squad, and it was during this period that he made his fortune.

While involved in pirate raiding in the outer rim sectors, his Fabian class battleship clashed with a small Syntha vessel of unknown design. The following boarding action was bloody, and the boarders met heavy resistance on every corner. Eventually the ship was captured. Augustus and his squad managed to breach the engine rooms' defences, with only seconds to spare before the Syntha could self-destruct the vessel by overloading the reactor.

The Syntha ship was an experimental cruiser and full of new technology, ideal material for those with an eye for plunder. Instead of turning the prize over to the Senate of Ironglass the survivors decided to make their own fortune. They sold everything on the black markets of the gateworld Kyklops. Rumour has it that the Syntha themselves paid the highest prices, in particular for a sealed case of encrypted datacubes. After having bribed the Senate of Iskandria to issue him honourable discharge papers from the Legion, thus giving him the status of free citizen, Augustus Commodus settled on Kyklops and started his own Gladiator school with his new wealth. Today his school contends in the most prestigious events in the arenas of Iskandria.

When the Koralon invaded, the school was only too happy to loan its Gladiators to the war effort. A conflict like this will surely bring more fame and fortune to the name Augustus Commodus...

Building a Gladiator Force

Gladiator forces are different from all the other forces on Iskandria. While Syntha and Viridia field shooting heavy teams and the Triads have mixed forces, your Gladiators are purely a close combat and short-range outfit. You'll only have a chance to win a game if you manage to get up close and personal. So never try to shoot if you can get closer to the enemy instead. You can choose from 4 different troop types, all of which have special strengths and weaknesses. I will first comment on each troop type in general and after that on the force I've chosen in particular.

Secutor: To put it bluntly: They are fodder! Unlike the other three Gladiators, they are not specialised in anything. The shotgun is a better weapon than the Gauss rifle at short range, but the Secutor hasn't got the SH skill to make use of it - If you want to shoot, take a Myrmillo instead. The combat blade is a melee weapon, but doesn't give a bonus to DAM - If you want to charge, take Retiairii. The shield is the only real useful piece of equipment, because of the toughness increase it gives. As the description already mentions: "...they are not expected to do spectacular feats, rather they are expected to die at the hands of more impressive warrior specimens."

Use Secutors to shield your more valuable troops. Because you have to get close, you are very likely to suffer the first casualties in the game - make sure a cheap Secutor is the poor sucker who buys the farm, and not one of the more important Gladiators. With these tactics you force your opponent to either shoot at an easy target, that has the best armour in your force, or try to make a CD roll to override target priorities to get something more valuable.

Retiarius: Three words: Fast! Strike first! Net launcher! Fast means, they can cover lots of ground in one round, especially if they have high calibre, and the combination of Strike first, Shock Lance and Net Launcher gives you an advantage of 7 points for first

strike rolls, and that's without adding calibre and charging! Normally, you should assign a Secutor to other troops to act as a shield, but Retiarii outrun them too quickly. Use Retiarii as assassins, and make sure they always have enough cover to hide behind. If caught in the open they are dead meat with T4.

Myrmillo: What's to say about a guy with a flame thrower? The strongest offensive character in your team. If you can get him up close, the enemy could lose multiple models with every shot he fires. There are also some weak points: He's very vulnerable with T4 and the Castigator may explode with every hit. Don't let the Secutor guards stand too close to him, to prevent additional casualties if he blows up. It doesn't hurt if he's next to an opponent and this happens though!

Amazonia Decurion: Her strengths are only revealed at a second glance. Don't be fooled by the Pistols, she's a pure close combat fighter. Using two pistols means that she gets +1 to hit and to DAM, plus another +1 to hit for the pistol, giving her an effective AS 6 for her blow. If hitting hard and fast is your concern, she can use the Broadsword instead to get the melee bonus and armour piercing 1 on top. Also, she has a CD of 5, which means she's more likely to get follow-on actions than any other member of your team.

The force of Augustus Commodus

To start building a force check the Force Lists see what you are required to take. Junkers have to field at least 4 Secutors. Because I intend to use them as fodder I leave them all at CAL0. That was easy, wasn't it? 80 points gone, 220 more to go. 4 CAL0 models allow me to take up to 4 CAL1 models. I take 2 Retiari, a Myrmillo and an Amazonia, to get a good variety of troops. These choices amount to 112 points, so I'm still left with 108 points. I need a leader, and I have free slots for CAL2 models. I choose another Amazonia, this time with CAL2. 'Why not a Myrmillo?' you may be asking. Mostly for two reasons: First, they're quite expensive, and when you rely on charging you need plenty of bodies so that you have forces left to fight with when you get into combat. Second is the vulnerability of the Myrmillo. Your opponent will surely have had a look at your force list as well. He knows how dangerous flamers are, so a Myrmillo will always be a bullet magnet. Sooner or later one shot will get through, so I don't like spending too many points on such exposed characters. The Amazonia has another advantage. She has CD 5; statistically this means she'll have more follow-on actions than the other Gladiators. Because you have to cover lots of ground, this can make the difference between winning or being caught in the open and shot to pieces. With the new leader I still have 74 points left, as well as 1 CAL2 slot. I decide against a second CAL2 model, because I think I need a bigger force instead of still more quality. In order to take more CAL1, I also need more CAL0, so I buy another 'Shield' aka Secutor, and a second CAL1 Myrmillo. This also gives me more punch and the enemy will have to split his fire between the Myrmillos if he wants to take out both. With these additions, I'm left with 19 points. The only model I can spend these on is a CAL0 Retiarius. My force is now 12 models strong and has a good mix of troopers - let the games begin!

300 Points Force

5 Secutors CAL 0	100 Points
1 Retiarius CAL 0	19 Points
2 Retiarii CAL 1	50 Points
2 Myrmillo Flame Thrower CAL	70 Points
1 Amazonia Decurion CAL 1	27 Points
1 Amazonia Decurion CAL 2	34 Points
Total	300 Points

Deployment

I first split my forces into teams. The two Myrmillos and the CAL1 Amazonia get assigned one Secutor as bodyguard each. The remaining two Secutors have to protect the Leader. The Retiarii are deployed alone, because they outrun all others. Deploying them is most important, you have to plan ahead so that they can use a path that always has enough cover to protect them from enemy fire. Remember; always be a moving target.

If you want to comment on this article or share some of your own gaming experience, you can contact me at the official forums at www.urbanmammoth.com.

To Be A Soldier

Private First Class Korbert Madsen was still eating his breakfast when word reached him that the city was burning and, scarfing the last of his saurian scramble, he took the stairs two at a time to get to Top Level to see what could be seen. Naturally, most of the company had had the same idea, and the mob that poured into the upper stories of Mobilization Point Five in a wide-eyed wave of frenzied speculation seemed like anything but the professionally trained and well equipped military force they were supposed to be.

"Be triple-sunk in salt-streaked hells you tumour-headed stampede of wax-spleened CIVILIANS," First Sergeant Arroyo was producing a fluent stream of reprimand, much of it in a pseudo-language of his own invention; resorting even to the sternest of criticisms and letting the civilian label fall, half-expecting it to shame the throng into sober obedience. It seemed as if the whole company was crammed tight around the southern retaining wall on the top floor of MP5, one of several converted buildings that served as a forward garrison for Viridian forces in the neutral zone. Madsen jostled for a spot near the wall, taking an armoured elbow in the ribs as he squeezed through the crowd, his scant reward the briefest glimpse of sooty skies to the far south.

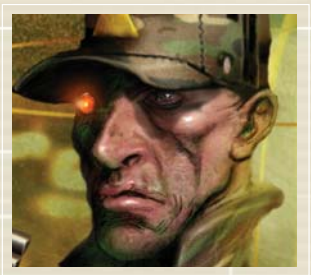
Arroyo, of course, and the other non-coms got things in order quickly, for as soon as it was discovered that very little could be seen from MP5 it was easy to get the troops in line. Hurrying back to his barracks Madsen joined in the general murmur of disappointment, a subdued sonic aura that followed the human wave down into interior of the multi-story parking garage that was now a kind of fortress.

At one time the interior of the place had been open to the outside, but the space between the waist-high retaining wall and the ceiling had been sealed in by the labour of a single day. First a net of polysteel had been laid across the outside gap, the super flexible solid draped into place and its adhesive edges activated with a sonic pulse. The net's inner side had then been fixifoamed to lock its shape, forming a new interior wall that quick-dried into a broad grey stripe. The final step had been to coat the whole structure with a triple layer of sprayed permacrete, spray-nozzles suspended high above the vat trucks on articulated arms had spread the military-grade 'crete over the polysteel frame until the entire building stood wrapped in a blanket of grey stone. Observations and weapons ports were then hot-bored through the new-sprayed surface by a squad of men with laser augers. The overall effect was to turn the garage into a somewhat coarse-walled castle.

Madsen moved to his section, Three Level, a half-floor of barracks and stores packed tight; the familiar open-space echo that once inhabited this place banished by the tonnes of material and men that had taken up residence in its body, adding flesh to the hollow skeleton. He quickly donned his fatigues and padded-harness and ran down to Two Level's armoury. He would catch hell from Arroyo if he weren't back up at Top Level in five minutes; the morning's escapade had cost him a lot of time.

The armoury; rifle stands and racks of battle armour, the smell of oil and plastic and factory-fresh nylon. Madsen located his suit and made the final adjustments to his harness, making sure the toggles were in the right places. Naturally he thought of it as 'his' suit but the papers read differently; for in fact it was he that was assigned to it, as was the rifle and other ordnance, all serio-coded to the suit's identitag. His uniform was his, his boots and hygiene kit and the dozens of other things in his locker all his of course, but the important things, the things that meant life and death, those things all seemed to own him.

Harness tightened, toggles aligned, Madsen ducked under the armour stand and, arms fitted into the sleeves above his head, stood up within the suit. As his head emerged through the neck hole and the breastplate's weight came to rest against his shoulders he stepped forward, the suit pulling away from its magnetic hanger with a scraping click. He shrugged and adjusted his shoulders, reaching under the suit to pull straight his bunched fatigues, fingering the toggles to make sure they were free of fabric. He ran through a series of automatic motions culminating in the cinching of straps beneath each arm, pure routine; but every time Madsen armoured-up like this, donning the hard suit that broadened his shoulders and deepened his chest, he felt the change; a change from student to soldier, from average young man to knight in ceramaplate armour.



He went to the Armourer for the final suit lock. Six quick pops with a pneumatic ratchet and his suit was combat ready, secured tightly to the toggles in Madsen's harness.

Approaching the rifle stand, quickly now for he was running late, Madsen selected the weapon assigned to him (to his suit, he recalled with a roll of the eyes, his suit) and waited for the audible 'clink' that meant the rifle stand had scanned and accepted the suit's indentitag and unlocked his weapon. Armed, armoured, and late as hell, Madsen hastened from the armoury and back up to Top Level.

Sergeant Arroyo seemed in a forgiving mood, contenting himself with a grimace and cold stare in Madsen's direction as he saluted and hurried past. Top Level was kept mostly open for the sake of aerial transports, but the area immediately surrounding the stairwells and lift doors was dominated by communications gear and makeshift offices. Madsen dodged through this hodgepodge of collapsible prefab structures and equipment sheds, stepping over the taped-down power conduits that snaked their way through the maze like creeping vines on a jungle floor, arriving finally at the guardhouse.

As the last member of D-Shift to arrive Madsen was subject to the usual jeers and antics, including a mock salute from the clowning Pitney; who took his eyes away from his dice game long enough to stand rigidly at attention in his best parade-ground parody. As always, Palaniyappan wasn't so forgiving.

"Sleep well?" Patronizing, that's what Palaniyappan was. 'Pally' they all called him, a name that surely must have gotten under his skin, though of course he'd never admit it. 'Regular Army' he called himself, and technically that's just what he was, enlisting in the VAF three weeks before the Koralon Incursion, barely enough time to get his dental records transferred to personnel. Looking at him now, ramrod straight, vigilantly checking the comm-deck, Madsen could only shake his head. The poor guy truly was delusional, he had gone through accelerated basic with the rest of them, the only difference being he had a duty waiver from the VAF to hang on his wall.

A roar and the air filled with fluttering scrip, the useless Iskandrian paper money scattering to the four corners of the room. Vance was on his feet, a smile quirking the corner of his mouth as he continued to bellow at the unfortunate Pitney; whatever frustration had caused the outburst clearly forgotten as the good-natured giant played his role to the hilt, threatening to insert the dice in Pitney's nostrils.

Madsen joined in the general laughter, but always he felt self-conscious about such things, somewhat embarrassed. They were supposed to be soldiers right? While aliens and heartless synth's threatened the safety of every man, woman, and child in Iskandria they were supposed to stand vigilant, the last line of defence. Somehow it was disrespectful, the slovenliness, the lack of discipline, is this how regular soldiers behaved? Regular soldiers who had known comrades killed, and had family to protect?

He took a seat next to Specialist Karenga, who seemed absorbed in scanning the empty expanse of Top Level through the guardhouse window. She at least was doing something productive, or at least soldierly, up here as they were for Top Level security. Vance had his arms locked around Pitney now, flinging the little man around, legs kicking while he screamed laughter. Madsen wore a surface smile; he really did like them all, even Pally, the brief but intense experience of accelerated basic had made the whole company seem like a family, second platoon especially. Still, just when he was resigned to do the job he volunteered for, just as he was ready to call himself a soldier, admittedly not a very good or knowledgeable one but a person who would give his life for something greater, just when he felt he had embraced that commitment he was pulled back to the other life, the life of scant responsibility (or was it, in all honesty, irresponsibility?) that his fellow volunteers just didn't seem ready to abandon.

How was he going to be ready to do the million things a soldier had to do to survive if every time he glanced at the guy next to him he was reminded of just how ill prepared all of them truly were? And for all his enthusiasm Pally was even worse, he was so obviously as lost as the rest of them, just using the pretence of military enthusiasm to camouflage his fear instead of the shenanigans and insubordination practised by the majority of the company. Madsen hated these thoughts, hated feeling anything other than camaraderie with his

fellow soldiers, but he just couldn't shake the idea that now, more than any other time in their lives, they could all benefit from a little honesty instead of trying so hard to be two things at once and failing to be either.

But that was life in the IDF, he probably couldn't expect much more from an organization that hadn't even existed five months ago. How many had volunteered when the Koralon came, and how many more in response to the Syntha? Certainly tens of thousands, and the best of those could now find their way to the frontline thanks to the community security groups that handled law enforcement and refugee assistance programs in the Viridian Quarter. Madsen looked around the small guardroom, at the foolery of Vance and Pitney and the self-important Palaniyappan. The best had made it to the frontline all right.

Karenga, perhaps detecting his mood, gave him a good-natured dig in the arm, choosing a piece of unarmoured flesh as her target. "Would you rather be out with Sonny, that it?"

"Damn right," he said, rubbing his arm, flinching inwardly at the petulance in his own voice. Noting Karenga's unease at his tone he softened, trying for a smile. "Yea Karey, I would rather be out with the rest of second instead of, well, instead of stuck here doing nothing."

Cocking her head she regarded him from the corner of her eyes, evaluating. "Never had you pegged for the guts-'n-glory type, maybe you're spending too much time around him." She aimed a glance at Palaniyappan, who seemed engrossed in running a systems diagnostic on the comms. Madsen looked away, not returning her grin, sullen.

"Wait a second," the idea had struck him, suddenly, alarmingly. "Sonny and the rest of the 'toon are out there, what about that fire this morning?"

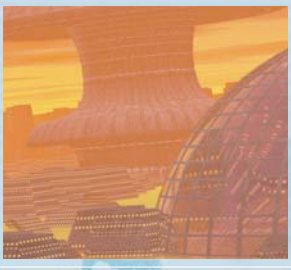
Before she could answer Pitney, demonstrating an uncanny ability to eavesdrop, chirped up. "Not us. Drones were right on top of it within minutes. Some buildings and cars, couple of dead junks. The grids in that sector are still good so the buildings just foamed it all down, except for the cars; but they don't burn long. Besides, Sonny is down by Corvine Chemical and Battery, way the hell the other side of there."

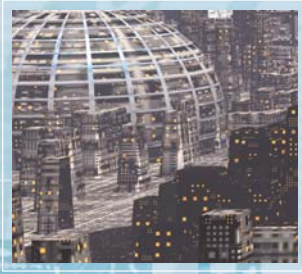
That would be Sergeant First Class Martia Sonder, commanding second platoon, one of many non-commissioned officers to bear such a responsibility. While regular soldiers in the VAF were bumped up to non-com status when the small Viridian garrison was rolled into the newly formed IDF, some career types outside of the Special Forces with actual combat experience became the nucleus of a new frontline officer corps, many with temporary brevet ranks or, simply, the position and authority of commissioned officers. Sergeant First Class 'Sonny' Sonder and First Sergeant Iauscu Arroyo were two such officers.

And now the IDF was in the neutral zone, barely more than a superbly equipped militia force led by a handful of officers as new to their command level as the colonial marines were to handling firearms. Madsen wondered if it galled people like Pally and Vance and, come to think of it, Sergeant Arroyo that they had to relinquish their Viridian citizenship to be deployed to the frontlines. The IDF had to be a purely Iskandrian venture to tiptoe around the letter of the Partition and Intervention Treaty with VASA, and that meant no homeworld citizens could be actively engaged in military or intelligence operations inside the neutral zone, what was known in better days as the free city of Iskandria.

Of course, the whole thing was made ridiculous by the Syntha; occupying vast swathes of neutral territory to the south and essentially reneging on every Tripartite treaty they had ever agreed to, clear back to the wars of secession. Not to mention that VASA and Viridia both played host to an Iskandrian government in exile, politicians and administrators that had fled the city centre ahead of the Syntha invasion; such shadow governments providing some semblance of political identity for the vast flood of refugees in the Great Power Quarters, even if they were, more often than not, merely rubber-stamp committees for Viridian or VASA decrees.

Madsen's thoughts had been drifting, wandering down familiar, well-trod corridors when suddenly he noticed the guardroom had gone silent. He looked up to see Sergeant Arroyo standing in the doorway, the rest of D-shift at attention and saluting. Madsen sprang to his feet, aware that Arroyo had been looking in his direction, waiting.





"Right, you five fall in with first platoon at the double, assembling on Base Level." Confusion, a strange order. Arroyo seemed peculiar, peering at each of them as if searching their faces. He looked down for a moment, hands clasped tight behind his back, heels bouncing gently, introspective. He cleared his throat.

"Better to tell you now." It was clear to Madsen that something was very wrong with the Sergeant, and the rest of D-shift was quick to pick up on the same signals, themselves broadcasting perceptible signs of agitation despite their formal posture. Arroyo continued, looking ahead. "As of eleven-thirty hours you are hereby transferred to my command, as are any survivors of second platoon."

A gasp, Pitney's; general confusion. Arroyo chomped down now, under control. "Sonny…Sergeant Sonder ran into something around that CCB plant, synths, junks, we don't know. We've got positive ID on fourteen fatalities, the drones have found all but two." He looked at them all, stern but also somehow commiserating. "We don't have positive suit idents on all the bodies, we're going by visual count, but Sergeant Sonder and Corporal Fernandez are confirmed KIA."

Madsen felt light-headed, the news was an unreal thing; like the intimate details of a stranger's life, or a foreign concept that needed more effort than he could muster to truly understand. He looked around at D-shift, the paltry remnants of their entire platoon, looked in their faces for some hint of how he should be reacting, a clue that might let him hold on to the thoughts that kept fleeing his mind, something to make this new, unwelcome reality part of the day-to-day world he inhabited. He could find neither guidance nor solace in his squad mates, some visibly as uprooted as he, others sealed tight in a soldier's façade.

Arroyo allowed them a moment to digest the news before continuing. "The whole company is getting shuffled, second and third were always understrength, we're rolling everyone that's fighting fit into first and hitting the NZ, Captain Mazembe commands, Lieutenant Evans remains with Third and will reconstitute the company when MP5 is reinforced." He was grim now, clenching and unclenching his jaw, a bone-pulse in hollow cheeks. "This is serious, but I don't have to tell you that. If I had my way I'd head the whole division south for a smash n' trash of everything within the Syntha held neutral zone. That's why we need to know just what happened at CCB, so we know where to point the gun."

"So fall in with your new platoon, we go heavy into this fight so grab full kits when you head down level. Tonight we bivouac somewhere in the Four Bridges Industrial Sector, which is a whole damn city-sized patch of plants and fabricators, all abandoned and right under the nose of the synths, a real mess you'd need a brigade to sweep if you were going to do it property. Instead, it's just us, first platoon and some elements of the Fourth Recon that are already deep in the NZ, doing a pinpoint recee over to CCB and back.

"Specialist Karenga," Arroyo's sudden attention made the normally unflappable Karenga start. "Third could use another systems op, you may stay here if you wish." He regarded her coolly, no hint of how she should take his proposal.

Karenga shook her head, said quietly, "No way am I missing this Sarge."

"Good," Arroyo wearing the same grim expression, continued, "Get your gear, we're moving out in ten." He nodded, surveying them, black eyes burning. Turning, he left.

Madsen exchanged weighty glances with D-shift, there in the tiny guardroom he had yearned to break away from an hour ago. Vance and Pitney both had sobered, the smaller man looking fierce and pale. Madsen was almost alarmed to see the sadness in Pally's eyes, the genuine emotion there recasting the man's proud bearing into something poetical, noble. Karenga held his gaze the longest, and what he saw there was as profound a type of love as any two people could share; friendship and the soldier's fellow feeling and something else, a pure, unalloyed sentiment, purged of any selfish motive by the hot fires of mortality--that newly glimpsed consuming flame that had redrawn the lines of their existence.

He looked again at his companions, people he had never really known, and wished for all their sakes that they could somehow go back to pretending.

VASA STRIKE FORCE

By Phil Walling

Force List used: Urban War Issue 0

As all around Iskandria civilisation begins to fall apart, VASA can see that all of the other factions are leaping into armed confrontation with each other. As with other factions on the planet they simply do not have the manpower present to mount a sustained aggressive campaign. To that end the VASA officials on Iskandria have mobilised some of the more - unorthodox - forces within their remit. Gangs from the criminal underworld now fight for VASA, at least for the moment…

When the world turned to hell each of the Triad Bosses received a communiqué from VASA. It stated that all charges would be dropped against them if they cooperated and supported the VASA cause on Iskandria. Triad Boss Makamoto was one of the recipients of the summons. Scanning the net he quickly decided that he would support VASA, and maybe gain another couple of rungs on the ladder of success over his rivals. Makamoto gathered around him his closest aides and put forth his plans, a Junker sector was close by. A small raid was what the situation called for, to assess his neighbours strength and to disable any elements not yet mobilised - volunteers from the gang soon came forward, a chance to engage the hated Junker, and legally as well!

Creating a force for Urban War is slightly different than designing a conquering army for VOID 1.1 as, instead of squads, individual troops are used. At the moment each of the factions only have limited manpower available to them - so the trick at the moment is to use what is available in the best possible way. Below is a sample VASA roster with some hints and tips on using the force. Urban War is similar in effect to most miniatures games with each figure being designated a specific points cost. In the example below the army is built to a 300 point limit (actually 307 points - but no one is perfect!).

Unit Name	CAL	Points Cost
Triad Boss	3	37
Triad Retainer - Gauss Rifle	0	18
Triad Retainer - Gauss Rifle	0	18
Triad Retainer - Naginata Pole Arm	0	15
Triad Retainer - Naginata Pole Arm	0	15
Triad Retainer - Naginata Pole Arm	0	15
Triad Retainer - Naginata Pole Arm	0	15
Triad Retainer - Gauss Rifle	1	23
Triad Retainer - Gauss Rifle	1	23
Triad Retainer - Gauss Rifle	1	23
Triad Retainer - Gauss Rifle	1	23
Dragonfly	2	41
Dragonfly	2	41

As you can see above the army is led by a Triad Boss, who has been allocated 3 points in CAL - this allows him to really affect the way the conflict is played out on the battlefield by adding in the chance that he may be able to perform more than one action per turn. Combine the high CAL rating with one of his other abilities - Tactical Awareness - and the Triad Boss can really become a pain in the neck for any opposing player (if you play against Viridians, keep him out of the way of snipers!).

When I play Urban War I tend to use a couple of "sacrificial" models to draw enemies into ambush situations. The two CAL 0 Triad Retainers that are armed with Gauss Rifles are used in this way. By using a small portion of your force in this way, you should be able to fool your opponent into making rash moves. Being armed with Gauss Rifles the Retainers can also hold their own in a fire fight. Be warned, however, that if your ploy for setting up an ambush goes awry then you will need a contingency plan (don't blame me!). The success of this tactic working relies on ample terrain on the tabletop and an opponent who is easily fooled - so it may not always work, but it's worth giving it a try.

The four remaining CAL 0 troops are again Triad Retainers, this time armed for close combat duty. These four troopers have a special role in my army as they provide a close support bodyguard for my Triad Boss. By keeping the models moving together you are able to recreate the effectiveness of a squad of troops. Take VOID 1.1 as an example; one of the easy ways to stop your opponent's troops is to assault them many times with different squads in the same turn - the same is true of Urban War except that you are using individual models. The more times you can hit an enemy the better chance you stand of beating the enemy! Be very aware that the only ranged weapon in the five man "unit" (Triad

Boss and four retainers) is an Autopistol so always try and engineer situations where ranged fire is not a necessity or always make sure that any assaults you undertake are covered by ranged support.

Speaking of ranged support… The next batch of troops in the force listing is yet again Triad Retainers armed with Gauss Rifles. Each of the Retainers has had his CAL rating improved to level 1. The possibility of being able to fire an extra Gauss Rifle shot each turn is well worth the 5 points spent on the CAL upgrade. As I have discussed already, keep these models relatively close to one another so that each one can provide supporting fire for the others. Just like in the close assault example above, the easiest way of dropping an opponent in a ranged fire fight is to hit him with as many shots as possible. By using CAL 1 troops armed with Gauss rifles the sheer volume of firepower "should" be enough to stop any opponent, even the mighty Syntha Pointman!

Finally in the roster we come to the elite Dragonfly, these young ladies have strapped on a jump pack and launched themselves into the chaos on Iskandria. I can only assume that VASA are very welcoming of their support! The two Dragonflies I have taken in the roster have both had their CAL rating upgraded to level 2 - making them fearsome adversaries indeed. Aside from the Triad Boss, the Dragonfly is the only VASA unit so far on Iskandria to be armed with both ranged and close combat weaponry. With that in mind the Dragonfly can be deemed to be the most powerful unit available to VASA forces at the moment. It is, unfortunately for VASA opponents, not just the weaponry that makes these models deadly. They also have the Jump Trooper ability that allows them to move and assault great distances (OK so 10" but who's counting?). Combine Jump Trooper with CAL 2 and you get a unit that can leap tall buildings (5") with a single bound! So in the Dragonfly we have a combat monster that can move quickly - several times if needed! But it doesn't end there! A Dragonfly is also "blessed" with the Hard To Hit skill allowing her the chance to get out of the way from incoming attacks.

I tend to use my Dragonflies to back up attacks and eliminate isolated pockets of resistance - the Dragonfly is great at taking out Viridian snipers! As you know that if you miss with the Shuriken you then have 2 combat blades in the forthcoming close combat!

Used with care a VASA force can very easily win the day on Iskandria - but do be careful with them as they hit hard but can be a little fragile in the face of enemy retaliation. Just make sure there are no enemy left to threaten the security of the galaxy!

ASSIGNMENT: AMMUNITION DUMP

Urban War Scenario
By Graham Stenning

This scenario pits an elite attacking force against a defending force of standard troops. The attackers are under orders to carry out a covert raid on an ammunitions dump. They hope to get in under cover of darkness, destroy the main ammunition store, and slip away before the defenders are fully alerted.

Table set up

The suggested deployment of forces etc. is shown in the diagram above. The table should be about 4' x 4' (1.2m x 1.2m). The terrain used should comprise of a few low buildings, low walls and other clumps of terrain such as boxes, machinery etc. You can also use fencing to reflect the base, although for game purposes, these will not restrict the movement of the special assault team.

The Attacker

Objective, force composition and special rules

The attackers force are an elite Special Forces unit - 220 points - and as such they must take only 1 CAL: 3 model and the remaining models may be selected from CAL: 2 and CAL: 1 as the player wishes. Ignore normal force ratios.

Their mission is to destroy the ammunition store. To do this, an attacking model must expend an action to place an explosive device on any part of the outside walls of the ammunition store. Once placed the explosive is activated by remote, requiring the expenditure of one action. If a model wishes to detonate the explosive from a position that is inside the blast area of the explosive, thus endangering itself, it must pass a CD check in order to do so.

If a model with an explosive pack is shot, then it is assumed that the explosives and detonator are still intact, mark the position on the tabletop. Another of the attackers models that moves into contact can pick up the pack by expending one action.

The attacker must observe strict rules of engagement that relate to he covert nature of their mission. They cannot shoot at any enemy models until the defender sounding the alarm blows their cover.

The attackers win if they are successful in destroying the ammunitions store.

Markers

The attacker has the element of surprise on his side and therefore starts the game using numbered markers to represent his troops. In addition he gains three extra dummy markers. Each troop and dummy should be allocated a marker number. This is replaced with the actual model (or removed if a dummy) when the enemy see it, for example it seen by the searchlight, or the model reveals itself by shooting or initiating close combat.

Explosives

The attackers have three explosive charges, which are each carried in a small backpack. The attacking player must allocate these charges to specific models. These models also carry the detonation device for their own explosive.

When used the detonation creates a large explosion: Use the circular template centred on the position of the explosive charge. All models covered or partially covered by the template receive a 2x DAM: 8 Hits.

If the ammunition store is blown up, in addition to the initial explosion as described above, more explosive material may be thrown out over a wide area. Roll 2d10 and divide the resulting total by 4 (rounding down). This gives the number of additional explosions that occur, each one uses the circular template and causes 1 x DAM 6 hit to models covered. Taking the point at which the explosive charge was detonated as the starting point, for each one roll 2d10 and a direction dice, and use the usual rules for deviation to determine the point at which to centre the template.

The Defender

Objective, force composition and special rules

The defender has 400 points to use for their force. The defender has only a standard reserve guarding the ammunitions store. As such they may only take up one CAL: 2 model / leader and the force must be made up using the normal force composition rules.

The defender must ensure that the ammunition store is protected. They have two deployment areas and the watchtower. They must remain in these areas until they

hear an alarm from the watchtower, firing, or an explosion.

One figure may be placed on sentry duty ('over-watch') in each deployment area. The others are doing other duties, and will only respond once the alarm is raised, or shooting is heard. The leader is not available for sentry duty.

Once the alarm is sounded, or shooting etc is heard, the defending player may issue orders and move his models in the usual way.

The defenders win if they are successful in protecting the ammunitions store.

Watchtower & Vision

The defender has one watchtower with a large searchlight mounted on it. One model must man this searchlight. The searchlight may only be used in the over-watch phase. When an attacker moves a marker/figure within LOS of the searchlight model, the defender may attempt to activate (only one attempt is allowed each game turn). The area the model controlling the searchlight points it at, and therefore illuminates, is not necessarily going to be the right one. Use the following method to determine the area illuminated.

The defender allocates a point on the tabletop within LOS and beyond short range. Taking this point as the starting position the defender should roll 1d10 and a direction dice, and use the usual rules for deviation to determine the point at which to place the template. When placing the template, position the midpoint of the template on the determined point, with the narrow end pointing directly back towards the watchtower. The area under the template is illuminated.

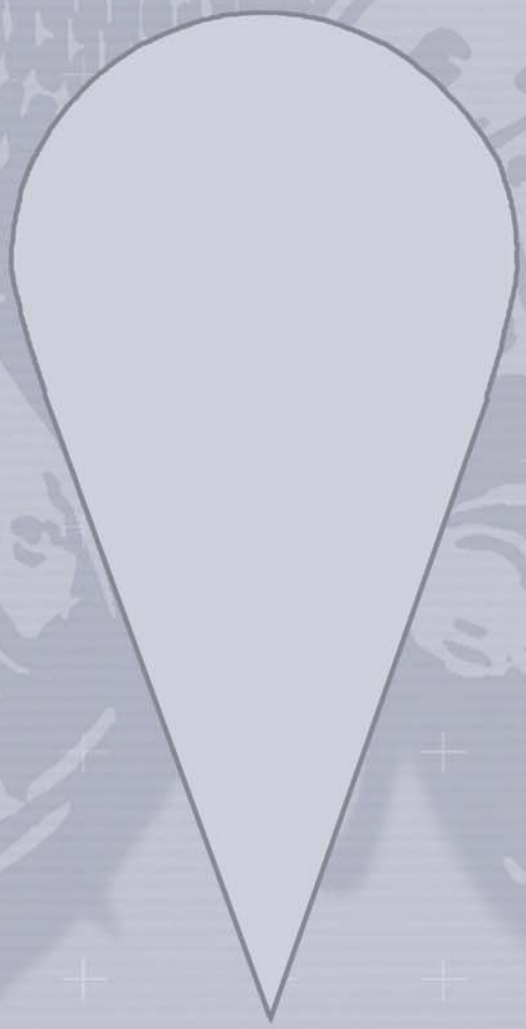
Defenders and vision

Any movement that takes place within medium range and the front arc of the sentry figure on 'over-watch' orders, allows the model the option to make a normal command check roll to activate (if they wish too). If successful the model may radio in to the tower for an additional light sweep. Play goes over to the watchtower; the light sweep is more accurate than normal, so deduct 2 inches from the d10 deviation distance.

If one of the attacking players markers is illuminated, and therefore seen, then if it is a dummy it must be declared and removed (the alarm is not raised) If it indicates the position of a model then the appropriate attackers model should be placed where the marker was and the alarm is sounded.

If the alarm goes off then things start getting messy. Additional lighting cuts in, and immediately illuminates the table up to medium range. All the defenders models can now be placed on the table and be activated as normal with vision up to medium range. If any of the attackers markers are within medium range of a defending model they must be replaced with the appropriate model or declared as dummies, models revealed in this way are still able to make use of their special abilities, for example camouflage, stealth etc. Game play continues as normal. The model manning the searchlight is now free to move off and perform other duties if required.

Small Teardrop "Searchlight" Template



RETRIEVAL

Urban War Scenario
By Graham Stenning

As dawn breaks its light reflects from the majestic buildings that rise up across the city. Proud residential and municipal buildings glimmer above the morning haze as if a testimony to humanities ability to evolve and create beauty. The buildings' clean curved surfaces shine in the dawn light, and flyers and other transport vehicles can be seen flitting between the buildings.

As the morning passes, the sunlight illuminates the lower levels of the city. It gradually reveals areas of disharmony, showing the harsh walls of the Syntha enclave as well as other barriers erected to protect areas of the city from known and unknown enemies. The various factions fight for territory and resources, and there are now factions within factions, projects within projects. There are now splinters.

The city's beauty has been tarnished; the veil has been ripped.....

Between the walled off areas of the city is the grey-zone, the neutral zone. Some areas are still as beautiful and untouched by trouble as the majestic backdrop but other areas bear testament to conflict. Here the movement of those people that remain is more furtive and fearful. Here life is not easy but it does go on.

Smoke rises from one such area of the zone. The dust and smoke of a recent conflict has mainly settled, though the remains of burnt out factory and retail buildings still smoulder as a result of the contest for territorial control. All four factions, Junkers, VASA, Viridians and Syntha have interests here, though none hold sway.

Dark figures can be seen entering this open sore of the city. They drift in and out of the buildings amongst the ruins, the smoke obscuring them temporarily from sight. Some move without apparent purpose, while others mourn the loss of loved ones. Others, small well-armed groups, seem to move with a sense of purpose, scanning their surroundings. A moan rises from amongst some of the bullet-ridden bodies that lie strewn in a ruined building. Not all are dead it seems, but as to the survivors' factional allegiance, it is impossible to determine.

The armed bands seem to have heard the cry and are fast approaching from different directions. Readying their weapons, they converge towards the injured figure.

Who will get there first, friend or foe? And what information does this survivor hold that is of such importance?

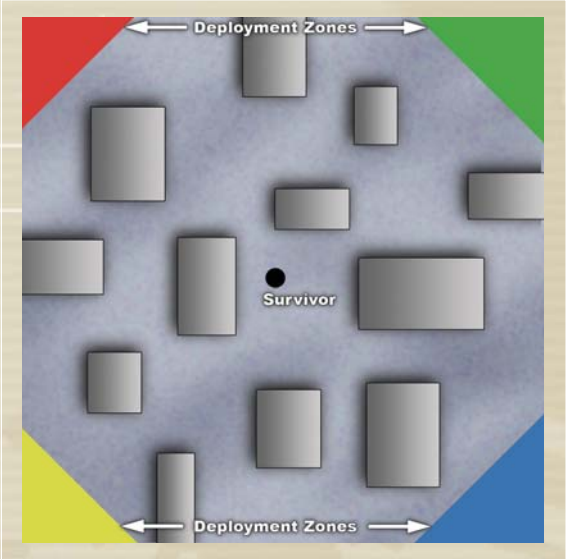
This scenario is best played with two to four players, ideally one from each human faction.

The injured man appears to be the last survivor from an explosion that took place earlier. He is in possession of vital top-secret information and as such must be retrieved at all costs. Time is of the essence as the he is badly injured and liable to expire without medical attention.

Force size: 300 points per side.

Table setup
The suggested game table size is a 4' x 4' table. The game table should be set up with a good amount of buildings and ruins (the plastic builder sets available from Urban Mammoth would be great for this). It is important to make sure that there is no immediate LOS from one deployment zone to another. The survivor is positioned in the centre of the gaming board. See diagrams 1 and 2 below.

Diagram 1



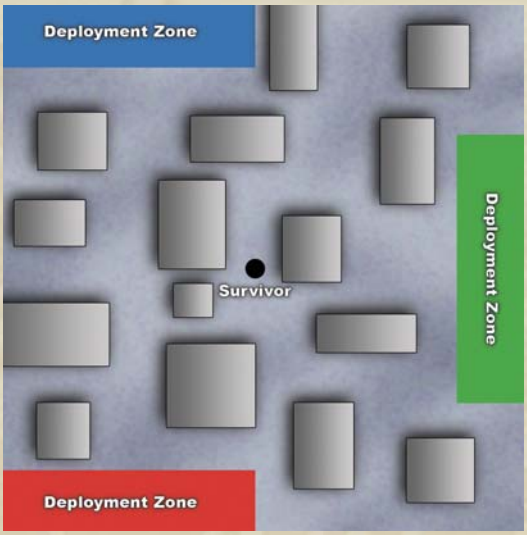
Deployment

Each player should roll 1d10. The high scorer gets first choice of deployment zone, then the next highest etc. If there are four players then each should deploy in one of the table corners as shown in diagram 1. If there are only two players then deployment may take place in any two of the corner deployment areas. If there are three players then deployment should be in one of the areas shown in diagram 2.

Objective

The scenario objective is to reach the survivor and hold the other player(s) off, or make a break for your own deployment area. The survivor (T4, W1, MV4) must be reached within 6 turns or he dies of his injuries.

Diagram 2



Once reached the survivor can move and make a rush move as long as he is in base-to-base (b2b) contact with a player's model. The survivor is activated at the same time as the model he is in b2b contact with. If the model in possession of the survivor is killed, the survivor, if still alive, remains stationary until another model takes possession.

The Data-pod

In a multi-player game there is also a data-pod that can be retrieved for victory points. Once the survivor has been removed from his starting point, the next faction to reach that point can expend one action to reveal a data-pod. This must be returned to the players' deployment zone. As with the survivor, if the figure carrying the data-pod is killed the data-pod may be picked up by another figure that reaches it and expends an action to pick it up.

Ending the game

The game ends when one of the following conditions has been met.

· The survivor (or the data-pod if the survivor has expired in a multi-player game) has been taken into a player's deployment zone.

· Only one player has any models remaining on the table, all others having been forced to make strategic withdrawals, or been wiped out!

Strategic Withdrawals

For this scenario use a strategic withdrawal level of 50% losses. See page 9 of Urban War issue 0 for details. The following rules apply.

· Two-player game: In a two-player game, or a multi player game with only two players remaining, If a player with possession of the survivor (or the data-pod if the survivor has expired) has to make a strategic withdrawal, the opposing player automatically gains possession of the survivor (or data-pod) and wins the game.

· Multi-player game: In a multi player game, if a player with possession of the survivor or the data-pod has to make a strategic withdrawal, the survivor (or the pod) should be left in place on the table.

Flying & Jumping Troops

Due to the structural damage to the buildings in this area it is hazardous for flying or jumping troops. Flying troops and jumping troops cannot land within 8" of the survivors starting point.

Victory Points

When the game ends total up the following victory points to determine the victor, and find out just how good the victory is. 200 points is excellent, 100 points is not bad, 50 is OK, and of course 0 means that you've just received a damn good hiding!

Two-player game

100 victory points: If you are in possession of the survivor at the end of the game.

100 victory points: If you reach your deployment zone with the survivor before your opponent is wiped out or has been forced to make a strategic withdrawal.

50 victory points: If you wipe out your opponent or force him or her to make a strategic withdrawal.

Multi-player game

100 victory points: If you are in possession of the survivor at the end of the game.

50 victory points: If you are in possession of the data-pod at the end of the game.

100 victory points: If you reach your deployment zone with the survivor or the data-pod before your opponents have all been wiped out or forced to make strategic withdrawals.

50 victory points: If all your opponents have been wiped out or forced to make a strategic withdrawals.

Thanks to: Ron Senior, Ben Brownlie, Bill Ward and the Urban Mammoth play testers for offering feedback to this scenario.

URBAN WAR: QUICK REFERENCE SHEET

Phases of the game

Marker Phase:
Remove all markers currently on the board

Orders Phase:
Give orders to all units on the table
Choose one of the three following orders
· Over-watch
· Snap-Fire
· Lock-Fire

Activation Phase:
Reveal orders for all models and activate them.
Each player rolls 1d10. High roller gains initiative.
High roller is dubbed "First Player"

Initiative Sequence:
1 – Over¨-watch
2 – Snap-Fire
3 – Lock-Fire

List of Actions – One Action Per Unit

Over-watch	Disruption Shot
	Evade
	Counter-charge
	Fight
	Break Off
Snap-Fire	Move
	Snap shot
	Move & Snap shot
	Reaction shot
	Evade
	Charge
	Counter-charge
	Fight
	Break Off
Lock-Fire	Rush
	Aimed Shot
	Evade
	Counter-charge
	Fight
	Break off

Follow-on Actions:
The is 1 possible FOA per CAL level above 0
CD Check for each attempt. If failed, no further FOA may be attempted.

Movement
Rushing
If a model has a CAL of 1 or more it can attempt a rush. Make a CD check with CALd10. Each success adds half the models MV to the distance it may move for this action.

Terrain

Normal	- No Modifiers
Rough	- Count double distance through or over this type of terrain.
Impassable	- It's Impassable.

Shooting

Sequence:
1. Check Range and LOS
2. Select a Target
3. Roll to Hit
4. Roll to Damage

Target Selection:
Primary target is the nearest target. CD Check to select another target. If failed then the unit's actions is wasted (+1 per point of CAL, +2 if primary target is in cover.)

Rolling to Hit:

SH	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
To hit	9+	8+	7+	6+	5+	4+	3+	2	2+	2+

To Hit Modifiers:
Difficult Targets

Calibre	**Short**	**Medium**	**Long**	**Extreme**
1	0	0	0-	1
2	0	0	-1	-2
3	0	-1	-2	-3

Snap Shots and Reaction Shots

Short Range: -1	Medium Range: -2
Long Range: -3	Extreme Range: -4
Move & Snap shot: -1	Speculative Shooting: -2
Panic: -2	

Size Modifiers

Size 1	Size 4-5	Size 6-7	Size 8-9
-1	+1	+2	3

Aimed Shots
When a model with Lock-Fire orders takes an Aimed shot, makes a number of CD checks per CAL point, gaining +1 To Hit for each successful roll

Disruption Shooting
May be done at any point during an opponents turn. Make a CD check. If it is successful, the unit may open fire.
+1 to CD per point of CAL
- 1 to CD per range band beyond Short.

Reaction Shooting
Roll CD check. If successful then each player rolls 1d10 and adds their CAL. High roller will shoot first. Solve any to hit and damage rolls. Cannot be used against other reactions. - 1 to CD per range band beyond Short range.

Multiple shooting and Spread-over shots
Allocate a dice colour to each to hit dice, roll all to hit dice. If first target is killed then any extra shots may be transferred to targets that are within 2" of the original target. Check for CAL difference for hit values for the next figure.

Shock Checks
If a model was hit, but not wounded it must make a CD check using CALd10. If it fails then:
· Inactivated unit counts as activated
· Activated unit loses its next turn
· A shocked model cannot be shocked again during the current turn.

URBAN WAR: QUICK REFERENCE SHEET

Close Combat

Close Combat Sequence:

1. Determine who can fight
2. Roll for First Strike
3. Roll to Hit
4. Roll to Damage
5. Determine Combat Results

Who can fight

- Attacker decides whom he attacks if there's multiple targets in base to base contact
- A model only gets to fight back once per game turn.
- After fighting back, over-watch models, models that counter charged or counter attacked are considered activated.

Roll for First Strike

Units involved roll 1d10 and add their CAL to this roll. The Highest roller will strike first. In the case of a tie, both models strike simultaneously.

Roll to Hit and Damage

Refer to the Combat table below. If a hit is scored, then roll for damage. If this is successful as well, the opponent has received a wound.

To Hit Modifiers

Charging	+3 to First Strike +1 to Hit +1 to Damage
Melee Weapons	+2 to First Strike
Using two weapons	+1 to Hit and Damage
Attacking a Panicked unit	+2 to Hit

Terrain

If a unit is charged in an area of partial or substantial cover or if it is charged, while in base to base contact with an obstruction, from the opposite side of the obstruction.	Attacker looses all Charge Bonuses Defender has +1 to all hit rolls and +3 for First Strike rolls
If a defending unit attempts to counter charge	All benefits of cover are lost.

Spread over Attacks can only target units in baseto-base contact.

Breaking Off

A unit may attempt to break off from Close Combat by making a CD check and adding its CAL as a modifier for the check. If successful it may move up to its MV away from the opponent. The opponent may fight back as normal.

Counter Charging

Inactivated models or over-watch models may make a CD check in order to Counter Charge.
+1 per CAL if on Over-watch
-2 if on Lock-Fire

Counter Attacking

A unit on Snap-fire and CAL 1+ may attempt to counter-attack. If it attempts to counter-attack, then play temporarily changes to the counter-attacking unit. Follow the normal procedure for Close Combat. Once the combat is over and all Follow On Actions have been accounted for, then the Unit counterattacking
counts as having been activated, and may not fight back in any remaining close combats.

Panic

A Unit suffering from panic cannot charge, countercharge
or counter-attack. It also suffers a –2 modifier on all to hit rolls.

Rallying

Auto recovers if there are no Enemies within Extreme Range and LOS or at the end of a game turn in which it suffered no hits and is not engaged in close combat.

Rally Check Modifiers

+1 if no enemies within Short Range and LOS
+2 if no enemies within Medium Range and LOS
+3 if no enemies within Long Range and LOS

Obstruction Cover Table

Solidity	Visibility	Cover Save
Flimsy	More than 2/3	No
	Up to 2/3	No
	Up to 1/2	10+
	Less than 1/3	9+
Solid	More than 2/3	No
	Up to 2/3	10+
	Up to 1/2	8+
	Less than 1/3	6+

Area Cover Table

Cover Type	Cover Save
None	None
Partial	10+
Substantial	8+

Combat Table

DAM	Defenders AS/ Toughness									
AS	**1**	**2**	**3**	**4**	**5**	**6**	**7**	**8**	**9**	**10**
1	6+	7+	8+	9+	10	10	10	10	10	10
2	5+	6+	7+	8+	9+	10	10	10	10	10
3	4+	5+	6+	7+	8+	9+	10	10	10	10
4	3+	4+	5+	6+	7+	8+	9+	10	10	10
5	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+	7+	8+	9+	10	10
6	2+	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+	7+	8+	9+	10
7	2+	2+	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+	7+	8+	9+
8	2+	2+	2+	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+	7+	8+
9	2+	2+	2+	2+	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+	7+
10	2+	2+	2+	2+	2+	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+

Painting Colonial Marines

The Colonial Marines are the staple troops of any Viridian army stationed on Iskandria. Here's how we painted them.

Stage One

Undercoat the miniature black. The armour plates and helmet were all block painted with a dark blue grey. Metal areas and the eyepieces were painted with gunmetal and lenses with a mix of black and red. Block paint the identity tag, on the chest, with bronze the cloth on the arms and legs with dark grey.

Stage Two

Highlight the armour and helmet with the grey blue mixed with a little light grey. Block paint the chest pouches and areas on the leg with dark green and all the black areas (boots, gloves and rifle) were edged with a dark grey. The metal areas were given a very slight highlight with some dark silver. Highlight the cloth with dark grey mixed with a tan colour. Block paint the respirator with tan coloured paint. With a fine brush add some red to the lenses on the eyepieces.

Stage Three

Highlight the edges of the armour, helmet and all the black areas with light grey. Use a mid green mix to highlight the chest pouches and plates on the left leg. Use a tan colour to build up the highlights on the arms and legs.

Stage Four

The metal areas were given a final highlight with silver and gold was used to give a slight highlight to the identity badge. A mid green was mixed with some off white to highlight the pouches and leg plates. With a fine brush highlight around the bottom of the lenses with a touch of white and red mix. Add a dot of white to the top of each lens to create the illusion of light shining off them. The armour and helmet were all edged with a light grey and again to edge all the black areas such as the rifle, gloves and boots. Highlight the respirator and the cloth with a light tan colour.

Stage Five

Finally highlight the cloth and respirator with a very pale tan colour.
Pale grey was used to add a final highlight to the armour, helmet and black areas. A final pale green highlight was applied to the pouches on the chest plate and areas on the leg. A mix of silver and gold was applied to the top edge of the identity badge.

The Backpack

Stage One

Undercoat the backpack with black. When dry attach to the figure with superglue.
Block paint the pack with dark blue grey, the blanket with brown, the spade with gunmetal, the black areas with dark grey and the top of the aerial with green.

The Backpack

Stage Two

Dry brush the spade head with silver and when its dry give it a glaze with watered down dark brown paint to create a "dirty" feel. For the dark blue grey areas follow as before.
Add a little yellow to the green for the highlights on the aerial. Highlight the blanket with light brown.

The Backpack

Stage Three

Add the camo patches as before. Add small dot of white to the aerial for a light affect. Highlight the blanket with an off white and edge the other dark areas with light grey.

The Urban Camo Pattern

Stage One

Light grey was applied to create the basic pattern on the armour plates, helmet and kneepads. I also added the camo pattern to the rifle and webbing pouches around the waist.

The Urban Camo Pattern

Stage Two

Add a little white to the mix to highlight near the edges of the patterned areas. Keep this watered down to create a gradual shading.

The Base

Paint the base with PVA glue and sprinkle fine sand over it. When this is dry "knock" it to remove any lose sand. Paint the base black and dry brush it up with dark grey with a final dry brush of light grey. Add static grass with blobs of PVA and when dry paint the sides of the base with black.

One Colonial Marine,
ready for duty…

Painting Biomechs

Biomechs are the nerve centre of any Syntha force and as such are a necessary addition to any Syntha battle group. Here is how we painted our Artemis class Biomech.

Stage One

Undercoat the model black. Ideally you should use a spray as this gives a good even coverage. Remember it is better to give the figure two light coats rather than one heavy one. Always use in a well-ventilated area.

Block paint all the plate areas with white with a hint of blue. Using the blue at this stage gives a cleaner brighter finish for the white when it comes to highlighting.

The lower part of the shades highlighted with red.

Use a dark red to block paint the tube on the pistol, the tubing on the legs and one near the neck area. The last tube near the neck was block painted with a mid green tone.

The skin on the face and foot were block painted with flesh.

Stage Two

Block paint the hair blue. When dry wash with watered down dark blue.

Highlight the black areas with a mix of black and blue grey. Use this also for the highlight light on the non-metallic parts of the pistol.

Highlight the tubes and lower part of the shades with red.

Block paint the metal areas on the handgun and suit with gunmetal.

Highlight the "white" armour plates with a lighter shade of the previous colour.

Stage Three

Dry brush the hair with a mix of dark blue and white.

Edge the lower rim of the shades with a bright red. Use this also to highlight the tubes on the suit and handgun.

The "black" areas were again highlighted up using a lighter shade of the blue grey mix. Similarly the "white" areas were again highlighted using more white in the mix. Highlight the face and foot with a paler flesh tone, keeping the recesses darker; highlighting the cheekbones, nose, chin and top lip. Highlight the metal areas on the pistol and suit with silver.

Stage Four

Add more white to the blue "hair" mix and dry brush.

Edge the bottom rim of the shades with orange. At this stage add two very tiny white dots at the top of the shades to create the illusion of light shining off them. Highlight the tubes with orange.

Highlight up the skin areas with a paler skin tone remembering to keep the recesses darker. Paint the lips with a mix of red and flesh.

Again build up the armour plates with an almost white mix

Give the metal areas a final highlight of silver.

Highlight the "black" areas again with a lighter blue grey mix.

Paint the cylinder on the handgun a mid green.

Highlight the last tube near the top of the arm/ neck a green and white mix.

Stage Five

Finally highlight the "black" area with a blue grey mix with a touch of white. Use this colour also to edge the pistol casing.

Gently dry brush the hair with white.

Edge the green cylinder, on the handgun, with green mixed with yellow and give the metal on the pistol a wash of brown ink, only in the recesses to give an oily look.

Finally highlight the "white" areas on the suit with a pure white mix.

The Base - Stage One

Since these figures are going to be fighting in the war torn city of Iskandria it's a good idea to make your base fit in with the character of the game. You can do this simply by adding bits of rubble (small stones), wire (electrical wore), pipes (plastic tubing) and even discarded weapons, helmets etc (bits from old models) to it.

Here we have cut up spare bits of modelling sprue to look like collapsed steel girders. Simply chopped to the desired length and glue them to the edges of your base.

Finish the base off as normal by applying PVA glue and sprinkling sand over it. When its dry knock off the sand that hasn't attached and block paint dark brown.

The Base - Stage Two

Dry brush up with a light brown. Block paint the girders with gunmetal and highlight with silver. When dry wash them with brown ink or watered down brown paint to give them a dirty look.

Apply small patches of static grass with PVA. Finally edge your base with black or any other colour you fancy, dark brown or grey would work equally well.

VIRIDIAN

JUNKER

SYNTHA

VASA

VASA Forces

Oni Class Shogun Battlesuit

VASA and the Triad clans enjoy an uneasy alliance, one of convenience. It is not in VASA's long-term interests to give full aid to the Triads in Iskandria, and thus VASA's arsenal of sophisticated high-tech weaponry will not be left in the hands of the criminal underworld. However, the Triads have their own methods, long traffickers in stolen technology and military hardware they posses many potent weapons and devices. The Oni class battlesuit is one such, used in the violent but ritualised gang wars that punctuate Triad politics its existence was a closely guarded secret by all the clans. It is clearly based on classified VASA Shogun designs, though it lacks the latter's jump capability. The usual armament is a naginata or katana close combat weapon, backed up by an autogun mounted in the 'head' of the battlesuit.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
5	4	6	5	2	4	5	4	0-2

Equipment	Cost			
Loadout I	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Autogun, Naginata Pole-arm	31	42	53	N/A
Loadout II	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Autogun, Combat Blade, Battle-shield	29	39	49	N/A

Special Rules

Heavy Armour (0)
High Morale (+1)
Lethal Strike (x1)
Slow Strike
Oni Battlesuits cannot evade

Options	Cost Modifier			
Loadout I	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Heavy Armour (+1)	4	5	6	N/A
Loadout II	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Heavy Armour (+1)	4	5	6	N/A

Syntha Forces

MKII Tactical Teratosynth

Like the new model androsynth, the MKII Tactical Teratosynth has been redesigned with urban warfare in mind. Boasting a high-mobility chassis and a new heavy-weapons suite, the MKII is a radical departure from its predecessor. The real innovation of the MKII family, however, is the next generation SPOMM path-finding AI that enables them to act with an unprecedented degree of tactical awareness, manoeuvring through tight spaces and intelligently utilizing cover as ably as any human soldier.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
4	4	6	6	1	5	3	4	0

Equipment	Cost			
Loadout I	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Heavy Pulse Rifle	29	N/A	N/A	N/A
Loadout II	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Mini MLRS	35	N/A	N/A	N/A

Special Rules
Heavy Armour (0)
Immune to Panic

Options	Cost Modifier			
Loadout I	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Heavy Armour (+1)	4	N/A	N/A	N/A
Loadout II	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Heavy Armour (+1)	4	N/A	N/A	N/A

Macrosynth Heavy Walker

Long rumoured, the colossal Macrosynth walkers are finally a demonstrable reality. Planned in secret, built in violation of the Tripartite partition treaties, this enormous support platform is the bane of enemy battlesuits and bunkers, its powerful plasma cannon capable of demolishing entire buildings. Like most walkers the Macrosynth can negotiate the uneven and cluttered terrain of the urban theatre of war, but its great weight and size make it slow. Despite its fearsome appearance it is a cumbersome close quarters combatant, designed instead to annihilate its enemies and long range.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
3	4	6	6	2	5	5	4	0

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
M-Class Pulse Cannon	50	N/A	N/A	N/A

Special Rules

Heavy Armour (0)
Immune to Panic
Slow Strike
Lethal Strike (x1)
Macrosynths cannot evade.
In close combat Macrosynths attack by stomping and bludgeoning, treat as improvised weapons.

Options	Cost Modifier			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Heavy Armour (+1)	6	N/A	N/A	N/A

Hercules Class Biomech

These are the next generation of "male" biomechs. The Hercules is a development of the Achilles class with improved muscle mass enhanced by new techniques in genetic manipulation. This chassis also benefits from a larger endoskeleton with refined hydraulics providing the biomech with the ability to puncture polysteel up to 25cm thick. This makes the Hercules, nicked named the "Mauler" by the other homeworld forces, a ferocious hand-to-hand opponent capable of burrowing its way through buildings and destroying armoured vehicles and weapon platforms.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
5	4	5	5	1	5	3	4	1-2

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Combat Blade	N/A	22	28	N/A

Special Rules

Armour Piercing 2
High Morale (+2)

Options	Cost Modifier			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Lethal Strike (x1)	N/A	10	12	N/A

Nyx Class Assassin Biomech

The next generation Syntha biomechs weld traditional biomech biogenetic engineering with heavy prosthene-type cybernetic enhancements to create a breed of combat biomech created for specific battlefield roles. The Nyx class biomech is no exception, ultra-specialized and heavily augmented for its task of infiltration and assassination. Programmed for stealth, and embedded with photo-mimetic light refracting cells that bend its image, the assassin easily slips unseen past enemy sentries until in threat range of its goal when, with preternatural speed and acrobatic grace, it rapidly closes the distance to the target over any terrain and kills in a blur of scything polysteel.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
5	4	4	4	1	5	2	5	1-2

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Combat Blade	N/A	38	47	N/A

Special Rules
Fast
Hard-to-Hit
Lethal Strike (x1)
Stealth
Strike First

Options
None

Junker Forces

Provocator Exo-Suit

Crowds flock to witness the lumbering duels of exo-armoured gladiators; such rare events are cause for much excitement and heavy betting. Called 'Provocators,' few stables have the resources to maintain these battlesuits or train the men who pilot them. Based on exo-suit technology, the Provocator suit is a larger and somewhat less complex design, but each suit is a unique and storied piece of hardware, lovingly embellished in bronze and bedecked with trophies. In the absence of heavy weapon systems the Junker authorities have turned to these battlesuits to provide needed support for the gladiator teams operating it the neutral zone.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
4	3	6	5	1	4	3	4	0-2

Equipment	Cost			
Loadout I	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Lupus Pole-arm	13	17	N/A	N/A
Loadout II	N/A	43	54	N/A
Lupus Pole-arm, Castigator Flame Thrower				
Loadout III	N/A	39	49	N/A
Lupus Pole-arm, Chain Gun				

Special Rules

Provocator Exo-Suits cannot evade.

Options	Cost Modifier			
Loadout I	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Heavy Armour (0)	1	1	N/A	N/A
Heavy Armour (+1)	2	2	N/A	N/A
Loadout II	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Heavy Armour (0)	N/A	3	3	N/A
Heavy Armour (+1)	N/A	5	7	N/A
Loadout III	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Heavy Armour (0)	N/A	2	3	N/A
Heavy Armour (+1)	N/A	5	6	N/A

Pit Beast

The insanity of combat in the Great Arena cannot be overstated, and any and all novelties have at one time made their debut on its fighting floor. Wild beast shows have always been a favourite, and over the years certain breeds of imported beast have been manipulated and trained to fight against any opponent.

Many of these beasts have attained levels of celebrity alongside the greatest masters of the games, and handlers who can produce such combatants are in high demand. These vicious creatures are never far from erupting into a frenzied rage, being kept in check only by their handlers. They are often terribly mutilated and augmented by crude cybernetic devices.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
5	2	5	5	1	3	3	5	0-1

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Combat Blade	10	13	N/A	N/A

Special Rules

Fast, Immune to Panic, Impetuous, Rampage, Pit Beasts cannot evade

Greater Pit Beast

The Greater Pit Beast is larger and more fearsome than its smaller relative, though it shares its erratic and aggressive nature.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
5	2	6	5	2	3	5	5	0-1

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Combat Blade	14	19	N/A	N/A

Special Rules

Immune to Panic, Impetuous, Lethal Strike (x1), Rampage, Pit Beasts cannot evade

Options

None

Viridian Forces

Colonial Shock Marines

Fearsome indeed is the reputation of the Shock Marines, the VAF's elite close combat infantry arm. Unfortunately very few Shock Marines were present on Kyklops at the time of the Incursion and Synthan invasion, but every last man of them has proven the equal of a platoon of regular troops. In Iskandria Shock Marines have been present in every major engagement, and they are never allowed to rest for long; being constantly shuffled to where the fighting is thickest. Amongst the IDF soldiery the Shock Marines enjoy a near-mythic status, tales of their exemplary valour and demonic ferocity are the coin of local legend.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
5	4	4	5	1	5	2	4	1-2

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Vibro Scythe, Negatron Shield	N/A	33	42	N/A

Special Rules
High Morale (+1)
Shock Trooper

Options
None

Colonial Shock Marine Sergeant

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
5	4	4	5	1	5	2	4	1-3

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Vibro Scythe, Negatron Shield	N/A	35	44	53

Special Rules
High Morale (+2)
Shock Trooper

Options
None

Saurian Rider

The Struthiosaur and its kin are surprisingly useful mounts in an urban environment, manoeuvrable through difficult and tight terrain and capable of entering buildings and climbing stairs. Prior to the outbreak of hostilities on Kyklops, the small saurian corps of the VAF was used mainly for urban pacification and patrol, where their mounts allowed them to interact with crowds on a more intimate basis. Now the saurian corps operate most often as support sections alongside IDF infantry, their sturdy mounts making ideal platforms for heavy anti-personnel weapons.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
3	4	4	4	1	4	4	7	0-2

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Gauss Rifle, Combat Blade	23	31	38	N/A
Heavy Gauss Rifle, Combat Blade	27	36	45	N/A

Special Rules
Saurian Riders cannot evade.
When creating your force you may select one or more Saurian Riders equipped with Gauss Rifle and Combat Blade instead of Colonial Marines of the same CAL, exchanging them on a one for one basis.

Options
None

Saurian Rider Sergeant

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
3	4	4	4	1	5	4	7	1-3

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Gauss Rifle, Autopistol	N/A	34	42	51

Special Rules
High Morale (+1)
Tactical Awareness
Saurian Riders cannot evade.
When creating your force you may select one or more Saurian Rider Sergeants instead of Colonial Marine Sergeants of the same CAL, exchanging them on a one for one basis.

Options
None

Special Forces

Though few in number, the small teams of experienced elite infantry available to the Viridians on Kyklops have had a large impact. These Special Forces are experts in a variety of disciplines that have proven crucial in the current conflict, handling everything from troop training to covert ops. They are often employed in a leadership capacity, or reconnaissance missions into enemy held territory. During large campaigns the Special Forces are the spearhead of the assault, sowing confusion in the enemy area and capturing or destroying key strategic points.

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
4	4	4	4	1	5	2	4	1-2

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Gauss Carbine	N/A	25	31	N/A

Special Rules
None

Options	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Camouflage	N/A	10	12	N/A
Combat Blade	N/A	6	8	N/A

Special Forces Sergeant

AS	SH	ST	T	W	CD	SZ	MV	CAL
4	4	4	4	1	5	2	4	1-3

Equipment	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Gauss Carbine	N/A	27	34	41

Special Rules
High Morale (+1)
Tactical Awareness

Options	Cost			
	CAL 0	CAL 1	CAL 2	CAL 3
Camouflage	N/A	12	14	16
Combat Blade	N/A	8	10	12

Special Rules

Impetuous

Impetuous models lack self-control and have a tendency to rush into the fray irrespective of the wishes of their commander. Whenever an impetuous model is activated the following rules apply.

· If the model is in base contact or close combat with an enemy model it cannot attempt to break off, it must attack.

· If the model is not in base contact, but can draw LOS to an enemy model, it must make a command check, and if it passes may carry out its orders as normal. However if it fails the check it must move as quickly as allowed by its orders toward the nearest enemy model in LOS, charging it if possible.

Lethal Strike

A model with this ability can cause severe damage when using melee weapons in close combat. This could be because of its expertise, its equipment or its sheer bulk and power. This is shown as a damage multiplier on the profile, for example Lethal Strike (x1), Lethal Strike (x2) etc. The number shows how many extra damage dice you should roll in addition to the normal number for the weapon the model is using. For example if a model has Lethal Strike (x1) and attacks with a Combat Blade (DAM ST+0), it would roll 2 damage dice for each hit scored in close combat.

Rampage

Some creatures are naturally very aggressive and erratic, and although training can control their behaviour to some extent, if the creature is subject to stress or surprise it is likely to revert to its natural behaviour. Whenever a model with this special rule fails a shock check it does not miss a turn, as it would normally do, instead the following rules apply.

· The model is now rampaging, it can still be issued orders by the player controlling it, but it will only be able to carry them out if it successfully rallies. This can be attempted whenever it is activated, in exactly the same way and under the same circumstances as if the model was suffering from panic.

· If the model fails to rally when it's activated, control of the model passes to the players' opponent, who must issue the model either snap-fire or lock-fire orders. Play now temporarily passes to this player, who, for the rest of the models turn, is free to use it just as if it was one of his or her own. Once the model has completed its turn the normal order of play is resumed.

· If a model fails to rally in a multi-player game, then all of the controlling players opponents should roll 1d10. The high scorer gains control of the model for the rest of its turn.

Shock Trooper

Models with this special rule are particularly effective when storming enemy positions and engaging in close combat. They receive a bonus of +1 to hit and +1 to dam when charging or counter-charging. This is in addition to any other bonuses they might have to the attack.

Slow Strike

Models with this special rule are slower than normal when striking in close combat. It may be due to poor reactions, lack of close combat training or because they are bulky and unwieldy. Whatever the reason, they are at a disadvantage against more nimble opponents. Such model suffers a -3 penalty to its d10 roll for first strike.

Armoury

Gauss Carbine

Gauss carbines are variants of the Gauss Rifles used by marines everywhere. They are shorter weapons calibrated to be more effective at close ranges, with a corresponding loss of performance beyond this. Gauss carbines are compact enough to be fired one handed by troops that are expert in their use, leaving the other hand free to wield a shield or second weapon.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
0	5	+1	5	-1	4	-	-	-	-

Type: 1 handed
Special Rules: None

Heavy Gauss Rifle (HGR)

Heavy Gauss Rifles are a development of the standard Gauss Rifle. Issued to squads as light support weapons they have some limited armour-piercing capability, though their increased weight and kick makes them quite inaccurate unless being fired from a stable mount.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-2	5	0(x2)	5	-1	5	-	-	-	-

Type: 2 handed
Special Rules: Armour Piercing 1

Heavy Pulse Rifle

Heavy pulse rifles are larger versions of the laser ordnance usually carried by tactical androsynths. They produce a more intense beam, and the power pack needed to generate the pulse is correspondingly larger. These weapons are highly effective against heavily armoured infantry, and lightly armoured vehicles. The sheer bulk of these weapons makes them unsuitable for any but the heaviest of troops to use.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-	-	+1	7	0	6	-1	4	-	-

Type: 2 handed
Special Rules: Armour Piercing 1

Improvised Weapons

Troops that are equipped solely with weapons with no close combat capabilities (for example most Flame Throwers) must use improvised weapons in close combat. Gun butts, entrenching tools, sticks, stones, bare hands and natural weaponry can all be pressed into service when the action gets up close and personal.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-1	ST-1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Type: 2 handed*
Special Rules: *Although improvised weaponry may not literally be two handed, this represents the use of weapons that are not particularly efficient in close combat. As such they cannot be combined with another weapon in close combat to give any bonuses, nor can they be used in conjunction with a shield.

Lupus Pole-arm

Lupus Pole-arms are the most common close combat weapons borne by gladiators equipped with Provocator Exo-Suits. The weapon consists of a weighted forked blade mounted on a sturdy shaft, and commonly measures anything up to two or more metres long. Though somewhat slow due to the weighted blade, a solid blow from this weapon is unlikely to be shrugged off lightly.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
0	ST+1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Type: 2 handed
Special Rules: None

M-Class Pulse Cannon

Pulse Cannons are massive laser support weapons with powerful armour piercing and anti-personnel capabilities. These weapons are produced in a variety of configurations, for example they can be vehicle mounted or used as light artillery. Perhaps the most common variant however is the M-Class, which

provides the main armament on the colossal Macrosynths. In this configuration the weapon, while deadly at longer ranges is, due to its unwieldy bulk, difficult to bring to bear on targets within very short range.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-	-	-2	7(x2)	0	6(x2)	-1	5(x2)	-2	-4(x2)

Type: Mounted, armour piercing 3
Special Rules: None

Mini-MLRS

The Mini-MLRS is an indirect fire, anti-personnel support weapon. It fires a cluster of small high explosive missiles affecting not only the target, but also everything else nearby.
This weapon is a much smaller version of the Multiple Launch Rocket Systems deployed on some vehicles and spacecraft. As such it is much too bulky to be used by an ordinary trooper, and is usually mounted on vehicles or androsynths.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-	-	0	6	-1	6	-2	6	-	-

Type: Mounted, indirect fire, ranged template weapon
Special Rules: Uses Circular Template

Autogun

Autoguns are mounted automatic weapons that fire light small arms ammunition. They are a variant of the same technologies as the autopistols and autorifles that are routinely carried by civil police and militia everywhere. They are stubby and compact so are commonly fitted to small automated or remote controlled security turrets, or attached to battlesuits and very light vehicles.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-	-	0	4	-1	3	-	-	-	-

Type: Mounted
Special Rules: None

Negatron Shield

Negatron shields are the cutting edge of personal armour. They require a massive energy supply to use and so are usually only issued to troops equipped with powered armour. They act just like any other shield, except the surface is covered in an anti-matter flux generated by a particle smasher rig in the back of the shield. Incoming projectiles can be literally disintegrated by the flux, significantly reducing the chance of the user being hit. Because of the destructive potential of this shield it can actually be used as a close combat weapon in its own right, though it is somewhat awkward.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
-1	ST+0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Type: 1 handed
Special Rules: The shield gives good protection from frontal attack. It confers Heavy Armour 3 and a -1 mod to all d10 damage rolls caused by hits originating from within the users front facing.

Vibro Scythe

Vibro scythes are large blades worn over the fists of power suits. They are made of specially toughened material that has some unique magnetic properties. The blade sits in a reinforced groove on the glove, and when enough current is passed through it, it vibrates at such a rate that a resonance field builds up around it. They are deadly close combat weapons.

CC		Short		Medium		Long		Extreme	
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam
0	ST+1(x2)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Type: 1 handed, melee
Special Rules: None

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